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THE

METROPOLIS.

A Novel,

BY THE AUTHOR OF LITTLE HYDROGEN,' OR THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS IN LONDON.

———————— to shew
The very age and body of the time.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. J. STOCKDALE,
41, PALL MALL.

1819.

M56
V.2

M. Brown, Printer, 86, St. Martin's Lane.

THE

METROPOLIS.

CHAPTER I.

The day arrived, we drove to H—— House to meet the party of Savans. I did all that I could to brush up some remarks on Italy, and to make myself, in some shape, worthy of such an intellectual circle. The peeress, dignified (in a certain florid novel, written by the fair hand of a Right Honorable Authoress) by the title of the Princess of Madagascar, did the honors of her party with much dignity. The noble authoress in question looked all feeling and fancy. Her husband, *malgré* his theatrical bantlings

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being d——d, assumed all the decision of a Petronius arbiter, added to all the poet's eccentricity. L—— was there also, of whom a friend of mine wrote,

" Was ever verse more cruelly destroy'd,
Than by the barbarous pens of L—— and Ll—d?
That ghost of a gay Lothario, a would be
Author to Lord C—rl—e, exhibited, in his person,
Shakespear's picture of
" The slipper'd pantaloon
" In life's dull afternoon, &c."

His Lordship was good enough to publish an eighteen-penny pamphlet on Theatres and theatricals, most copies of which, his Lordship distributed gratuitously to his friends. He was good enough to give me two copies, with which I curled my hair, being better furniture for the outside than for the inside of the

the brain. How severe his relative, Lord B——, has been on him! but he deserved it. The former, amongst other things, says of this Right Honorable author,

" ——— doff that Lion's hide,

" And hang a calf skin on those recreant limbs!"

This must have very much wounded the old gentleman's pride, for he was a Narcissus in his days. Lady C. B. hung herself for love of him; but was not long kept in suspense, being cut down by her servants, and living, afterwards, to have a plurality of chèrs amis. We had also B——m the advocate, and counsellor of a certain travelling princess. He has not much more mended her cause than that of the Reviewers; and the following advice to the Reviewers would not be a bad treat to those who employ his pen or accept his counsel.

" Beware lest blundering B—— destroy the sale,

" Turn beef to barracks, cauliflow'r to kail."

Mr. L. H. the cockney bard, made one of our party. Lord H—— is very fond of being flattered by the tribe of scribblers who feed upon his bounty, and who justify Lord B——'s remark,

" Long, long, beneath that hospitable roof,
" Shall Grub Street dine, whilst duns are kept aloof."

But, I had almost forgotten

" The travell'd Thane, th' Athenian Thin—d."

With all my little remarks on what I had seen in foreign parts, I was quite thrown out, in this assemblage of knowledge, of science and of *virtu*. " We had such *pours* and *contres* about authors, such discussions of the merits and demerits of Canova, such quotations from ancient and modern authors, such House of Commons common-place, such Drury-Lane-committee uncommon verbosity, such fulsome praise of Don Lopez de Vega, as imitated and" (said the low flatterers) " excelled by the noble Lord's broad

broad translation," (for elegant translations are always a little wide on the subject) "such Græco-Latin English, that I did not understand one half of this elegant and edifying conversation."

Speaking of taste, his Lordship's wine was most to mine. His cook too must be a virtuoso in his way. There appeared to me to be more attic salt in his viands than in his Lord's ollas, or even in the diplomatic author S——'s (with his golden locks and violet eyes) melanges of Portuguese gleanings. Of these, however, the peer is not a little proud. He pretends that Apollo had the same; and that the sun of his genius ought thus to be represented, as no doubt it diffuses warmth through his compositions. *Neanmoins*, I know a French Countess who could discover a red headed person if he were in the parish, and who would not sit in the room with one. What

an insult to Apollo! to a Phœbus, formed to enlighten such a circle as ours.

We had also a famous argument about the talent of Wordsworth. One honorable member of the lower house, styled him the child of nature in poetic fancy, the muses' darling offspring; whilst Dr. P—— called him an empyric, a trifler, nay often a driveller in poetry. He quoted the following lines to prove his assertion.

" The cock is crowing,
" The stream is flowing,
" The small birds twitter,
" The lake doth glitter;"

and, in another part of the same volume of infantine rhyming, the two following strangely drawn out lines:

" The em-bar-rass'd look of shy dis-tress,
" And maid-en-ly shame-fa-ced-ness."

One

One may easily suppose that these lines created a laugh, and the ayes had it. In the evening, for he had been overwhelmed with business, arrived that barberly-looking acid critic, J——y, who seems to turn from muddy to pale at another's worth. This hired critic was received with much distinction. Of his origin, I shall say nothing. It is admirably depicted by four lines setting forth the panic-struck patrimonial garret of the oat-fed bard when he fired his bloodless pistol at Jemmy Little, and received a paper bullet in return for his slanderous attack.

" Nay last not least, on that portentious morn,
The sixteenth story where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret fell to ground,
And pale Edina shuddered at the sound;"

but, to conclude his character, I must be further permitted to quote something at length from English bards and Scotch reviewers, for I do like this same J——y at all.

" Health to immortal J——y ! once, in name,
" England could boast a Judge almost the same,
" In soul so like, so merciful yet just,
" Some think that Satan has resigned his trust,
" And given the spirit to the world again,
" To sentence letters as he sentenced men,
" With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
" With voice as willing to decree the rack.
" Bred in the Courts betimes, though all that law
" As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw,
" Since well instructed in the patriot school
" To rail at party, though a party-tool,
" Who knows? if chance his patrons should restore
" Back to the sway they forfeited before,

" His

" His scribbling toils some recompence may meet,
" And raise the Devil to the judgment seat.
" Let Jeffries' shades indulge the pious hope,
" And, greeting thus, present him with a rope:—
" Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind!
" Skilled to condemn as to traduce mankind,
" This cord receive! for thee reserved with care,
" To wield in judgment and at length to wear."

I fear that I have been a little prolix in my account of our party; but I assure my reader I have not been half so tedious as it was to me. This is, perhaps, a woman's excuse, as my saying that I hate Mr. J——y because I hate him, is also; but when a

woman writes, let the indulgent reader remember that she is a woman. With this claim on my countrymen's liberality, I shall conclude this chapter, and pass from a heaver to a lighter subject.

CHAPTER II.

We were favored, the next day, by a visit from Lady Newfangle. Her loquacity and *mauvais ton* were at a higher pitch than usual. Sprung from the people, she thought that she could not do enough to assert and to maintain her newly acquired quality rights; and, aware that we knew the lowness of her origin, she conceived that she could blind and overpower us, by the assumed airs of titled fashion. Her equipage and servants were most tawdry, as I before remarked; and she, herself, was as over dressed, as her part in society was over acted. Still more to strike, she, like a monarch of the East, accompanied her visits with magnificent presents, and announced her approach by driving up, at full speed, to the door, by dislocating our knocker by the violence of its use, and by talking loud

loud enough to let every one know that a *Ladyship* was the owner of the carriage and horses.

She arrived in a landau-barouche with four-in-hand ill-put together, and ill-matched horses, a preposterous fat coachman, with seventeen tiers of curls to his wig, and as many capes to his great coat, two awkward footmen, covered with lace, more like parish beadles than any thing else, and four dogs, viz. a Danish and a Newfoundland one as avant couriers to her carriage, and an Italian greyhound and a pug as inside passengers.

On descending from her vehicle, she cried, "Thomas, bring in Zephira (the Italian greyhound) in your arms; and you, Robert, get into the carriage and keep Snow quiet; and, coachman, drive the horses up and down, lest one of the leaders get cold; you know he is but poorly. I say, by the bye, is your master

master gone out in the chariot?" "Yes, my lady." And, "Thomas, can I have my chair to night?" "Yes, my Lady." And, "Robert, did you drop my card at the Duchesses?" "Yes, my Lady." And, "did I tell the porter that I expected a parcel from the priory, and to keep the man waiting?" "Yes, my Lady." "Thomas." "Yes, my Lady." "What time did I tell my own woman that I should be in to dress?" "At six, my Lady." "Oh! that's very well, for I shall dine at eight."

She now reached our hall door. "Mr. Porter, please to take out a pine-apple for my Lady, and a French basket." "Yes, my Lady." She now was half way up stairs. (To our footman.) "Pray Sir look into my carriage and bring out my repeater; it is set in brilliants, and I must know the time to a moment; I have a thousand and one calls to make, beginning with a Royal Duchess." "Yes, my Lady."

"And,

" And, if you please, my cambric handkerchief, my Indian shawl, and my smelling bottle, a fan of crape and spangles, for I am overcome with heat; and—— (a pause) I believe that's all." " Yes, my Lady."

She now entered our apartment. " Lady Newfangle," said the groom of the chambers. She bridled up, smiled courteously, and looked prond. " Well, my dear Lady —— ——, how do? I must embrace you, *ravi de vous voir*, as we say in France. I'm a'most dead; exhausted with fatigue; it was half a' *nater* five, ere I pressed my downy pillow this morning; I was at seven parties,—the Princess of Marasquina's ambigu, Lady Bab Barry's conversazione, Lady Rantipole's waltz and quadrille ball, three routs, and Mrs. B——m's finish, a delightful supper. At one of the routs, I lost my cool three hundred; but we people of quality must pay forfeit for our high footing in life. (My mother and I exchanged a look,

but

but 'twas impossible to put in a word.) So crowded was Lady Lightly's, that I received a *confusion* in my side, and was ready to faint, but was succoured in this *sitivation* by his Royal Highness of Sussex." What a lucky *hit!* observed my mother in a *sotto voce.*

"He is," continued Lady Newfangle, "a sweet man; dines with us next week; am come to ask your Ladyship and Fidelio; hope you'll prevail on him to come, and that he'll put on his order; he looks so noble in it. Apropos, Count Vonguttleburgh was at Lady Lightly's, and had the order of the *whelps* on. Never was there a more chaste assemblage, the very *elite* of quality, the cream of fashion, the *uniques* of high life, (my mother drew up her eyebrows as if alarmed lest she should say something worse) the Dandies, the pillars of Court, all the modishes and magnifiques, as we say abroad. Then we had two Principes, besides a sprig of royalty of our own growth,

growth, and a pretty tough one too as a body may say—ha! ha! ha!" (Laughing at her own wit.) "We had two Duchesses, four Marchionesses, twenty Countesses, and nothing below Ladies and Misses. The Duke of A. introduced his spouse to me, who squeezed me by the hand as if we had been acquainted seven years. Indeed the Duke owes my partner in life's lottery, ha! ha! ha! a few thousands on mortgage. But *nim port*, as we say in Paris. We had Lords, and stars and garters, and iron crowns, and St Patrick's ribbons and uniforms, Marshals and Knights, and the lowest of all, a few humble M. P's.

"There my dears! there's a turn out for you! And you must know that I'm quite up to all the tricks of the town. I could see on what footing Sir George and the widow are, and how Lord A. H. eyed a certain divorced daughter of a Peer; and I was up to Lady O——'s attentions to Lord Mount ——; and I could

see

see through the Lady of the house's designs on young Marvellous, the banker's son. I was *au fait*, as we say in high life, and *au courant* at all the fashionable adventures, and love affairs, and intrigues and separations, and quality tricks, and *little* greekings and on dits, and reports, and court manœuvres *as was* going on. I'm not to be deceived, no *fegs*. I have lived too long in the hemisphere of fashion, as we say." (A very chaste party, thought I to myself.)

" But, to conclude, this was a most chaste selection; it was a gleaning of all the graces. I wonder you was'nt there." " I don't know her Ladyship," replied I. " Tant pis, as we say on the Continent—tant pis, ma chère amie;—there's a rhyme for you. Gracious, what a rattle I am! a short life and a merry one! it can't last long with us quality folks! but it was a delightful party. Poor young Fitz Clarence! he has broken his leg! and the dear

Duke

Duke of Tenesmus is confined with a stomach complaint! Clarence is all to pieces, lives too hard! And Lady Multispouse looks very suspicious, considering her husband's long absence on the Continent! How I do go from one thing to another! but that's all in the quality way. (Taking breath.)

"I have brought you a pine from our pinery, and I have set you down for game from our preserve when the season comes round. I have had some real eau de Cologne given me by a foreign nobleman, and a receipt from my French cook for making the best sause à la reine, which I have put in my little French work-box. Bless me," (striking her repeater) "it is four o'clock! and I have four thousand things to do. Must call at the Palace; likewise at the Opera-house; want to change my box,—always in the wrong box; ha! ha! ha! Giddy as a girl in her teens! quality failings! but we great folks do see such bad examples.

"By

"By the bye, did you hear that a certain person lost some thousand pounds at the Argyle? What a shame! Billiards and back gammon, waltzing, and I *don't know what* all at a public theatre! I am a subscriber because it's French; voila tout, as we say abroad. Entre nous, was at the Opera for a moment last night; quite in love with des Hayes! what proportions! quite a *statute!* Old Lady Fudge is very fond of him: *nim port*; what's that to us.

"But now let me see, what have I to do? Our parson, a poor good natured fool, but great folks must have hangers on—our reverend has made out my agendum; and I have honored him by asking him to dine *chez nous*, as we say, in return for his fagging for me like a penny-postman. He is my man of all work, draws patterns, cuts papers, quacks you, reads to you, any thing you like, a real *bon diable*, as we say abroad, and a great deal of good sense too.

"Now,'

"Now" (taking up a glass set in pearls, although not in the least near-sighted) "let me see my list——Go to Madame Lacon—oh! that's the devil; I owe her five hundred for lace; my Lord, but not master, ha! ha! ha! must pay that;—to Gray's, the jeweller, to order a fancy bijou;—to Rundel and Bridge: there I have seven hundred to pay! preciously in debt! but so are all the quality, and—

"Better out of the nation
"Than out of the fashion."

Then I have one hundred visiting cards to drop, and my upholsterer and florist, and plumassier and dressmaker to consult. I always furnish my house once a year; and must have a hundred pounds worth of rare plants and flowers for my next *divertissement*;—shall certainly ruin my good man;—well, what then?—go abroad; all selon l'usage, as we say in high life.

"*Entre*

"*Entre nous,* I'll tell your Ladyship a secret. My Lord and soi disant master has had an affair of gallantry." "May be so," replied my mother smiling; "but certainly not *entre nous.*" "Good, good my dear Lady: no, an opera creature; but *nim port*; it keeps him in good humour; it's all the fancy; all quality do the same; blind to his defects; don't like him a bit the better or worse for it; only hope that he won't squander too much money on his chère amie; but I'll match him if he does." She now withdrew, and gave us time to breathe; and we were heartily glad of such a relief.

CHAPTER III.

We attended Lady Newfangle's *wonderful party*. She amused us as *her particular friends*; and (we had rather have been treated as common acquaintances,) with a detail of the expenses of her divertissement—her lustre, which cost her five hundred guineas; her service of porcelain, which cost her seven hundred; how much she gave to foreigners to contribute to our amusement; what her splendid supper cost her; what a tax her musical and other professional acquaintances were "to *us people of quality*;" (to use her own phrase) how she tired two sets of horses in going about in her carriage, canvassing for Tramezani's benefit; how she disposed of one hundred tickets, from being known to all the *beau monde*; how many

many young fellows of fashion forgot to pay the price of her tickets, and how much she lost by her good nature; with other topics equally *interesting*.

She fixed herself at the entrance of a suite of apartments, where she kept bobbing her courtesy, flirting her fan, playing off false quality airs, and saying the same round of nonsense to each new arriver. "Very late,—very hot,—charmed to see you, —the Prince won't be here to-night,—how well you look,—would you think that we are eight hundred here?" This monotony I heard fifty times in the night; and was never more at ease than when I slipped off and retired to rest.

In the course of the night I learned one piece of news which caused me much regret. Our young Etonian having now grown into manhood, began to play all those extravagant tricks which our modish youngsters

youngsters are so addicted to; but, above all, he had the misfortune of attaching himself to a school-fellow only five years older than himself, but who, in experience and ingenuity, was mature enough. This reprobate, not content with recommending him to every fashionable circle of vice, with introducing him to the most expensive tradesmen in town, with saddling him with a cast-off *maîtresse*, and gaining time from his creditors, on the ready money dealing and surcharged accounts of his friend,—not satisfied with selling him his left-off carriages, his *made up* horses, his wonderfully puffed dogs, for enormous sums,—nay with frequently purchasing guns, snuff-boxes, &c. on speculation, to re-sell to his school-fellow, at last introduced him to a set of Greeks, headed by a baronet of some notoriety *(not the self-named hero of "The Greeks and Pigeons")*, who won two thousand pounds of him.

He

He next favored him with an introduction to a fashionable money-lender, but who could not be *troubled* to sell out for less than five thousand: the residue was placed in a banker's hands, although the young man protested against borrowing more than the exact sum which he owed, having a very handsome allowance to live on. His *school-fellow* and other friends have aided him to spend the rest in a week, by either borrowing of him, or by betting on a horse race; and, to wind up their plot, they have now won ten thousand of him, at private play, for which he expects to be disinherited, and which he cannot raise but upon the most usurious terms.

I heard this from our guardsman, who is indignant at it, and I reported to Fidelio, who assured me, that since I interested myself in the young man's welfare, he would take him by the hand and risk his life to save him; that he was determined to advise

him to resist the debt; and he promised to report progress to me the next day. What a noble soul is this Fidelio! How firm! how virtuous! how brave! happy would be the woman, but——*brisons la.* Je n'aimerois jamais; never will I trust myself again, said I to myself in a firm and resolute tone.

The ensuing day Fidelio appeared. He had seen the young man, and offered his advice. It was taken. He waited on the parties as his young friend's ambassador, and announced his intention of resisting the debt. At first, he had to endure menaces and boastings, the cry of fire and sword, the notice of instant combat and of certain death. All this vapouring merely drew from him a contemptuous and indignant smile. He advertized these tarnished gentlemen that one of the gang was publicly known, and that the suspected accomplices were all reserved for exposure; that he had the means of obtaining a confession

confession from one of them, and that neither he nor his friend would shrink from a rencontre; but that, previously thereto, the law should take its course towards them, and that he would leave the means of publishing their villainy, should he fall in the hostile field. Overawed by so much courage, a compromise was offered, but contemptuously rejected; and these Bobadils have at last struck their colours and given up the young man's bonds unconditionally. Fidelio next went and effected a reconciliation with the uncle, and all is most amicably and happily terminated. How very frequent, alas! are these snares held out to entrap the youth of fortune! It does not become a female to denounce such characters; but suffice it to say, that I know them.

Fidelio brought our Etonian to dine with us to-day, and our joy was so general that we agreed upon making a large party to supper at Vauxhall, a

place which I detest, but to which one goes just once a year for change sake. Vauxhall must strike a foreigner as a charming place. It is so: its decorations are beautiful; it is delightful to breathe its air in a hot summer's evening; the military bands are very well; and a large party of friends makes any place agreeable; but, from its price, from its locality, from old inveterate habit, and from the nature of its amusements, it never can be a place of bon ton: its company never can be select; it must be a rendezvous for loose women and for low lived yet dissipated men.

Men of fashion go there for a quiz when tipsy, when desoccupés in the dead season; but never from taste, or to meet their associates in high life. Men of high rank stoop here, to stimulate the degraded wanderers of our sex to acts of riot and irregularity. Ruffians well born, but ill behaved, go here and

pride

pride themselves on the manners of a coachman or of a hired pugilist. Here do we witness intemperate mirth and immoderate laughter, and we mingle with all sorts of characters still more promiscuously than in a masquerade; because the price is lower. I wish I never had gone there; but what is done is done!

Our party was very numerous, and we arrived a few minutes before twelve, just time enough to see the fire-works. We ordered supper, and, very foolishly, took a number of turns after it. The young Etonian *that was*, was so overjoyed at his escape from plunder, that he drank a little too much Sillery at dinner, and became a little outrè after supper. To save him from further snares, I gave him one arm, whilst Fidelio took the other; and we persuaded him to come home with us. Large as our party was, we got dispersed, and I had no one on the left side of me at going out, through a great crowd. A wretch,

half intoxicated, followed me to my carriage, and was as importunate as impertinent in whispering nonsense in my ear, and in requesting my address. I now felt that I did wrong to come here, and that the circumstance of my having a young man in liquor on my arm, had given a bad impression of me.

At length this son of Bacchus twined my arm in his, and insisted on accompanying us home. This I indignantly refused, and Fidelio, disentangling me from him, violently, first placed me in the carriage, and then returning to him, demanded his card. High words ensued, and Fidelio struck him with his cane, after which he was beaten down by a large party; but Lord G———l and the rest of our set now arriving, rescued Fidelio, beat off the combatants, many of whom were lodged in the hands of the police, and bore off the agressor's card. Fidelio was put into the carriage, bleeding profusely. The cause of all

all our misery, namely the young man, was now fast asleep, the women were all in tears or in hysterics, and I never passed a more miserable night in my life.

Our first anxiety, the next day, was to enquire after Fidelio. He had passed a restless night, but was gone out. We next sent to our young scatter-brain; he had been up all night, bathing his head in cold water, in order to get sober, and had also left his lodgings. Our guard-Exquisite was our next resource. He was found in the labors of his toilette, and I dispatched him in search of our friends. He returneed *somewhat* changed; but good breeding, elegance, conceit, and his characteristic address forbade him to show his sympathies, or himself. "It was d—d provoking," he observed; "but we must not be alarmed. What had happened to Fidelio might have been his own case. People of fashion should

not mix with *la canaille.* Vauxhall! a pretty place for Lady —— —— to go to, and with that mad school-boy let loose." "For pity's sake," said I, "explain yourself. What is become of Fidelio and the youth?" "The youth is as stupid as any other private gentleman," replied he; "but Fidelio has got a hurt. The fellow who pestered you is a gentleman, and so (a d—d bore too, and very annoying, but inevitable in *civilized* society, observed he, by way of parenthesis) your friend was obliged to meet him, in a gentlemanlike manner. D—n the fellow, he must be a pretty good shot; for he has *dropped* our friend; but I hope that he will do well. I have got Heaviside to him, and the ball is extracted. But how the devil you came to mix with the Plebs at Vauxhall, I am at a loss to account for."

I confess that my feelings overpowered me; I fell senseless on the sofa; and, when I recovered,

saw

saw our Exquisite rubbing my temples with hartshorn. "Stuff! Lady ——," said he, "how foolish to be thus overcome. These are trifles; the fellow may yet do well; d—n the other antagonist; I could almost find in my heart to call him out, but it's too much trouble. Duels are fought at such beastly hours! and then a fellow may be maimed, mutilated; d— me, disfigured; (looking in the glass and adjusting his cravat) for, as for hit or miss, that's a trifle to the loss of an eye or the fracture of a jaw-bone; but pray do not afflict yourself; I dare say that Fidelio will do well."

Our Etonian now arrived. He was pale as a corpse; he lamented our friend's fate; wished that it had been himself; 'twas all his fault. "Moderate your grief," cried the Exquisite. "Who the hell but a school-boy ever frightened women? do you think that this is the first duel fought in high life about a

Lady? As for me, I only wonder that half of us were alive; but" (turning to me) "although I hate grave scenes like the devil, I will cut the club at twelve to night, and send out four apologies and sit up with your friend, and report to yon in the morning. I say young one, meet me at his lodgings, and let us play piquet all night. I'm sure you are to blame for all this. Never mind; it can't be helped; grieving is the most unbecoming thing in the world; so fare ye well!"

I retired to my room, distracted. How unfortunate had I been to all connected with me! what a fate was mine! Two letters were now brought to me. The one was an ample apology from the young rake for his conduct, full of lamentations for having shot Fidelio; but a blow could not be endured. He concluded by humbly begging my pardon, and fervently wishing for Fidelio's recovery. The other was almost illegible,

illegible, from Fidelio, requesting me to visit him, as he was in the utmost danger, and had something most important to communicate. To visit a single man was an unusual, not quite correct thing. I consulted my mother; and as he was in danger we agreed to go together.

CHAPTER IV.

We found Fidelio very weak from the loss of blood, pale, altered and feverish. He stretched out his hand to me, and, pressing mine in it, craved my forgiveness for having misrepresented the Duke to me. "His views," he said, "I might easily divine; at the same time, he thought that his Grace was not wholly worthy of me, and must have felt indifference, otherwise he would have written. He acknowledged that he also made the offer of money to my mother, and followed us, like a shadow, and watched over our safety, abroad and at home, for a considerable time. All that now remains," concluded he, growing very faint, "is to leave you my property, which I have done." So saying he put a parchment into my hands, and sunk upon his pillow, in a kind of swoon. My mother

mother flew to the bell. The physician and nurse entered. I was torn from his bed-side, in a shower of tears; and fell, in an *agony*, on my mother's bosom.

It was thought necessary to remove me to our cottage, on the banks of the Thames, where we sent three times a day, to enquire after Fidelio, who was in imminent danger. Our guard-Exquisite visited him also daily, and did not *find it too much trouble* to see us after his visit, nor to pay him the most unvaried attentions. In a few days, a letter arrived from the Duke, awakening sentiments which were almost smothered; yet the effect which it had upon me was strange. I almost regretted that I had received it; and, in the first instance, I put it in my drawer, not daring to open it. I could not summons resolution enough, in the first instance; and, just as I was going to do so, Lady Mildew was announced.

"This,

" This," cried she, bursting into unnatural tears, " is the second time (a sob) that I have been here (another sob) on the same errand," (sob, sob, sob; then, throwing herself on the sofa,) " to save (violent tears) or rather to deplore, (a complete bellow) your reputation. Oh! oh! oh! give me a glass of Madeira, or I shall faint away. We have been," continued she, " distant and shy of late; but you will, in future, know your *real* friends." By this time the Madeira was brought, and she recovered rapidly. " What is the matter?" said I. " Matter enough," replied she. " The fame of our house is gone; the laurels of the Generals and Admirals of our blood are withered; the noble lineage of our family tree is blighted for ever and for ever." This last was a happy effort of the scriptural and of the florid. I begged that she would explain herself, whilst my mother bit her lips with rage.

" It

" It is said," resumed she, " that Fidelio is your lover, and that he has fought a duel with a rival, whilst your visiting a young man in his bed-chamber is a convincing proof of the truth of the assertion." " Why the man is dying," interrupted my mother. " Let him die, my Lady," responded my aunt, with a theatrical wave of her third glass of wine. " Let him die, I say; death before disgrace; duty forbids dishonor; think of the chaste Lucretia, of Susannah and the elders, (a sob) of so many chaste examples, (here she had a difficulty in articulating—was it conscience? was it wine?) " and tell me what signifies a young rake's life? I must say that I think it imprudent in the highest degree, in you, (addressing herself to me) to have attended his summons. A man's bed- (a sob) side, oh! fie, oh! fie. I would not be seen by a man's bed-side for the riches of Peru." (She looked proud at this last assertion.)

" Gently,

" Gently, Madam," cried my mother! " I shall take the liberty of speaking to you in my dressing-room, where I may be able to bring a blush upon your cheek." (Lady Mildew.) " Preposterous!" " Not quite so preposterous, Madam, as your former conduct." (Lady M.) " Beware of libel, my Lady." (My mother.) " Beware of detraction, Madam; but first allow me to state to you that I accompanied my daughter in her visit to the wounded man." " I ask your pardon; that changes the scene; you were never mentioned in what was reported to me; I only trembled for my relation's honor. Men are (a sob) so base, (a glass of wine) such deceivers, (another glass) so little to be trusted, oh! oh! oh! Not but that (recovering herself) I have heard of men who pretend to lay seriously ill and confined to their bed, and who send for unsuspecting women for the most wicked purposes. Did not Mr. B—— pretend to be wounded in a duel, by which he got Lady St——e to come to

his

his bed-side, and the filthy fellow———" Here she blushed. "And did not he afterwards use her like a dog; and they were obliged to separate? Oh! I know their tricks" (making a recover)—"that is to say, I have heard of them; but as you were of the party, all is well. One cannot be too cautious; and I ask your pardon for the warmth of friendship."

Here she finished her pint of wine, and looked quite composed. My mother beckoned her to follow her into her dressing-room. "Surely, my dear," said she; and she cheerfully obeyed; for she knew not that we were in possession of her secret history. On closing the door, she looked back at me, put her finger to her nose, then shook it at me, and said in a low voice, and with a theatrical air and attitude, "My dear young friend, beware of man! Fly him like a monster, a viper, a basilisk." My mother let her Ladyship into the secret; and, after an hour's tears, false-

falsehoods, denials and explanations, the bell was rung and my relative was borne to her carriage much affected by what had passed through her ears and lips. The next day we received a sort of half angry, half extenuating epistle, and, from that moment to this, we never met again.

Fidelio's situation was, still, very precarious, and my spirits were so low that I was apprehensive of falling into a fit of illness. On examining the Duke's letter, it was kind; but in an altered style. The impassioned had given way to the mildly kind, or rather to the consistent. He wrote as if he pitied me for my attachment to him, and for my disappointed views in life; but there was a visible change in him. Time, distance, and change of place and of object are powerful enemies to love. My heart was in a strange uncertain situation. I wrote daily to Fidelio. I thought daily of the Duke.

Whilst

Whilst I was sitting, in a kind of reverie, and viewing the course of the river, as it flowed by, and comparing it to the tide of time, which rolls onward to return no more, and which carries with it our youth, our beauty, our pleasures and our pains, which glides imperceptibly from us, leaving no trace behind,—whilst I was in this melancholy mood, and seemed to be alone in the world, a name was announced to me, which I heard not,—a person entered the garden whom I saw not, until, in a moment,—a tall muscular figure stood by my side, looking like a coachman; but he was a gentleman. I gave a sudden scream, which terrified him. He drew back, and apologized for his intrusion. His name, he informed me, was Wildish, the eldest son of Sir Harry Wildish, and he was the unfortunate man who had shot Fidelio; but, continued he, "I am the harbinger of peace and of happiness; for I come to announce our friend being out of danger. I have received his pardon

pardon this morning, and I come to solicit your's. If my life or fortune can serve either yourself or him, they are at your command.

Under a ruffian-like disguise, young Wildish had all the features and concealed air of one of distinguished birth; and he uttered this last sentence with a candor and a grace which I shall never forget. It would be false to say that he did not make a very deep impression on me at the moment. He behaved in so gentlemanlike a manner that we detained him to dinner; and he insisted upon being the bearer of a letter to Fidelio; which we complied with. As he was now spedily recovering, and my health had suffered so severely, we determined on removing to Walmer, which we did accordingly; but neither losing sight of Fidelio nor of our new acquaintance, the nobleman in a ruffian's disguise, the polished jewel in a rough casket, and of whom much more will be heard

heard hereafter. Life is a busy, uncertain scene; the actors are changing hourly, and, with them, our views and feelings are as varied; at least so it has been with me.——

CHAPTER V.

THERE in a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in it's roar.

Thus I found it at Walmer. The change of scene revived my wasted imagination. Obtrusive thoughts, which feed on the brain, are diverted by external objects. A rock, a waterfall, a frightful precipice, cattle hanging balanced between air and ocean, the lamb which, incautiously and confidingly, trusts its little body to a shrub, the roots of which are half secured in the light sand, half given to the wanton breeze, whilst it crops the wild herbs and looks innocently around it,—these and such objects arrest the attention and suspend the aching thought, preying upon

upon our existence. To the mind as well as to the body diseased, flight from self alone gives ease: ourselves and our localities are so many living deaths.

Week passed after week with little change, until Fidelio arrived at Walmer, and with him, young Harry Wildish. It was a singular circumstance, that, from this enmity and duel, arose an interminable friendship. When I say *interminable*, I do it with humility, meaning the uninterrupted friendship of life, as far as it hitherto has gone. How altered was this young man now! He had cast off the coachman, the pugilist, in *plain English* the blackguard, and was now, what by birth, he ever should have been. Fidelio had effected a metamorphosis in him, and had saved him too; yet were there only five years difference in age between them; Fidelio being twenty-six years old, and the young ci-devant Ruffian scarcely twenty-one.

The

The latter, candidly, confessed to us his errors. He was young, robust, active, muscular and bold. His associates aped the stable-cut, and he had learned to ride, to drive, to box and to play the blackguard before he had learned to think. A member of the Tandem Club, subscriber to races, proposed by the Jockey Club, and idolized by all the coachmen and ostlers in town, he thought himself a man of high consequence, whilst his ambition soared no higher than a stable full of horses, a festine board encircled by his friends, and a female the easiest to be won, the least creditable to assocate with. His father and he were at variance; they did not speak on account of his losses at play and of the low company which he kept; and his delight was to state, amongst gentlemen-Ruffians, grooms, fancy-men and servants, that old square toes could not cut a walking stick without his consent; that his estate was entailed; that he would go of a night and slay a hundred head of the old

fellow's

fellow's game, and that he could raise money at cent. per cent. in spite of dad's teeth.

On this account, he was the king of his low circle; and, on the night of our meeting him, he had been setting his stud-groom up in a public-house, and getting drunk on the occasion with, what he called, some lads of the game, all well born, but *stable* bred, and, like their horses, going to rack. For all this he required the reputation of a *sort* of a *prime fellow*, of a lad of *high courage*, of a *knowing one*, of one up to *every thing*. But, what was worthy of admiration was, that Fidelio had completely changed his taste in all this. He had given up the companions of his intemperate practices; he had deserted his low haunts, had changed his unbecoming habits, and was now all that the gentleman ought to be, taking Fidelio for his prototype.

We passed many happy days at Walmer, and I believe that I had some share in this wonderful change. Fidelio was now quite recovered, and Harry Wildish resolved to visit the Continent, in order, as he used to say, more effectually to rub off his former rust, and to shake of the dust of the race-course and of the stable. A more ingenuous creature could not exist. He used often to say that his Vaúxhall adventure had frightened him out of a year's growth, and that, had he insulted a Lady and been the death of a man of honor it would have turned his brain. His attachment for Fidelio was very apparent, and, when he left us for Naples, we all shed tears. He is now gone. May he prosper! such hearts must confer and receive happiness; but upon how little does our ruin or our safety in life depend. Surrounded as he was, he was lost and disgraced: rescued from such a set of ruffians, he was exalted and admired.

We

We now prepared to quit Walmer. My mind was much eased, although yet unsettled; and we returned to dear London once more. A hundred reports met me at my arrival; one that I was secretly married to Fidelio,—another that I had married young Wildish,—a third, that I was insane,—a fourth, that I had run off to the Duke; and, in all this, our dear relative Mildew had her share; for, to live without scandal, was like an animal existing deprived of air, or a fish's living out of water,—or, I might add, a fashionable living, I do not mean *existing*, out of London. My presence gave the lie to all these reports, and I was, every where, well received. Lady Newfangle gave a ball on my return to town; and I was, again, invited to meet the *Savans* of H—— House; but the party was too sublime for me, and I accordingly sent my excuse.

Our guard-Exquisite condescended to attend

Lady Newfangle's party, merely out of complaisance to me; but he was haughtily dry. "What a d——d set!" cried he. "Poor nobility! tarnished elegants, parties who make a meeting house of Lady N——'s mansion, and who make a convenience of herself! These nouveaux parvenus," continued he, "keep mere coffee-houses, not to say worse, for the very higher circles." At this moment Lady J——y passed. "There," said he, "is a fallen star, but bright and lovely in her fall. What a shame for a certain high Personage to expel her portrait frame the gallery of British beauties! in the formation of which, we presume, he had Charles the Second in view,—quite as dissipated, but not half so witty." We next spoke to D. the young banker. "That," said he, "is the *reduced* annuities, the son of the *Consols!* a pretty *omnium* the whole family! Fortunes may be made, but gentlemen cannot. Papa is a shop-keeper stamped at birth. The son is a half tradesman, half Exquisite;

quisite; but he follows the old man in his vagaries. Dad marries his mistress on the day of his wife's demise; and the son likes a theatrical thing as well as his sire, and keeps Mr. J———'s wife, the daughter of a certain Columbine, and the wife of the best bidder.

I did not stay very late at the party; and our marvellous promised to give us a list of the company, or rather their histories, the ensuing day. But as their number is great, I shall leave them and their merits to another chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

We will pass over arrivals, visits, bills forgotten when last in town, and which, like weeds, grow in time to a huge magnitude, and acquire strength, in contradistinction to most other things, by being neglected. A hint, not unworthy the reader's notice is, that when we neglect our fashionable dress-makers, corset-makers, milliners, shoemakers and, I presume, tailors, they *mostly remember* us; and when a second bill is presented, it is about a hundred to one that the *last* articles which you *did* pay for, figure at the beginning of the *next* bill. I have found it so. Then there is so much for time, for thine own extravagance, for an useful lesson to their customers to be more exact,—so much for my Lady who pays, and so much more for my Lady who does *not* pay. Bills,

I repeat

I repeat it, like weeds, if not cut down, will encumber your path through life and destroy your property. In all instances, where final payment is obtained, the long bill is beneficial to the tradesman only.

Our military Exquisite, the pride of the parade, now made his appearance. I claimed his promise of telling me all the histories of those who were unknown to me at Lady Newfangle's; but I presume *it was too much trouble,* for he waved it by saying that, doubtless, I should be at Mrs. ******'s masquerade to-morrow, and that all the world would be there, and amongst them most of the persons whom we had met at the *divertissement*; moreover, that he would perform his promise respecting those who were not there. "To-night," continued he, "you will surely be at the concert: all the Royal Dukes will be present, besides the whole corps diplomatique, and the still more attractive body composed of the

beauty, fashion, and virtue in town." "I shall be there," replied I; "but I cannot let you go without telling me who that elderly man was, who stood by his wife all night, and who seemed to watch her every word and every action, for fear that she should commit some blunder. Do tell me all about them, if it *is not too much trouble.*"

He smiled affectedly, and said, "That is Lord D'Autrefois, a has been rake and man of fashion; one who has shone at court, on the turf and on the town. He has spent an immense fortune, and is still rich; but he is terribly altered in his habits, and broken in his constitution. He, like old Q. and the banker, keeps a physician to keep him alive, lives by rule, and studies every thing conducive to health. I only wonder that he staid up until one; but I suppose Madame insisted on it. This is his third wife. The first a peer's daughter, who brought him a fine

fortune,

fortune, and was a suitable alliance in point of birth; but she was devilish gay, and played him a trick;—vous m'entendez bien: they were divorced, and she lives abroad with a captain of dragoons. His second wife was a rich citizen's daughter. She brought him a plum, and was dear enough at the price, for a more homely piece of goods I never saw. They quarrelled in three days; they parted apartments in three weeks; and were separated entirely in three years. The world say that he broke her heart; but that's all stuff, and (taking a pinch of snuff) very tough, durable stuff too. However, she was always sickly; and at fifty years old she made room for another.

"The peer, at sixty, a fine *ripe* age! has married, for love, a very beautiful woman; but, in a drawing-room, as awkward and as clumsy as a dray-horse, as obstinate and as vulgar as any peasant in the kingdom; indeed she is his lordship's game-

keeper's daughter. By her he has one son, his *only*, the most spoiled little wretch in Europe. The only time that I ever suffered him near me, he untied my cravat, which took me an hour to tie, and left the marks of his fingers in raspberry jam and bread and butter on a new pair of white leather pantaloons. The poor lord has a sad time of it. He dances attendance on my Lady, morning, noon and night, and watches every syllable which she utters, and every turn of her body, lest she expose him and commit herself.

"He tried to educate her; but she has a voice like a screech owl, fingers which never will incline to harmonious touches, and a mind so barren, that all the culture in the world will never fertilize it. She has had all sorts of masters, with whom she has quarrelled, and one of whom, her dancing-master, she *kicked*, for laying hold of her feet to put them in a graceful

graceful position. Did you ever see a thing so over dressed? She had three wives' jewels on: and how she leaned upon his arm, as if she had been reposing on a style, whilst her papa went in to look for a winged partridge. Elle est petrie de mauvaise grace; besides, so ill tempered, so jealous of being quizzed! Did you hear her say to her lord, "Deary, what has the Count Raise-a-mouse-key got tied to his tail?" "Hush!" replied my lord; "'tis a key you know my love; he is chamberlain to the Emperor." "A pretty chambermaid," said she; "and is that the key?" He stopped her mouth, but could not prevent her loud laugh.

"You look pale, darling," resumed he. "Aye," answered she, "I want my supper; but I never can wait here 'till *their* time," laying a stress upon the word *their*. "Law! how I could fancy cold beans and bacon." "Hold your tongue, my angel," responded

sponded the old fool; "we'll see what can be done when we go home, though, upon my life, it is a very strange fancy, and I would not have Lady Newfangle hear it for the world." "What's Lady Newfangle to me? or any body else? Sure I'm my own missis!" "Yes," interrupted he, "*my* Susan and mine too." "No I a'nt; I'm your lawful wife; and you can't rid of me," (a general titter in the quarter where she stood;) "but that's the way of you. You don't give me half enough; my appetite is cramped in every way. I hate your raggoo-trash. I'm a young person, and healthy; and young stomachs must be satisfied; 'tis not like you who has led such a *dissipation* life; an ounce a day will do for you; but fegs that won't go down with me."

"Here, if you remember, he led her away to a sofa. She concluded by saying that she would have cold beans and bacon, and *that's flat.* The better to

humbug

humbug the old man," continued the speaker, "she pretends to be jealous of him; yet can you discern the smile of a hoax on her countenance all the while. "What are you looking at, Lord D'Autrefois?" cried she the other night at the Opera, hanging her whole person over her box, like a mop-squeezer idling her time out at the window, when she ought to be making the bed. "Nothing, *lovy*," lisped the peer. "Oh! but I know better; you were leering at that painted Madam. You're an *old file*. I know you well; you're as *deep* as *Garrick*; but I'm up to you. I'm sure you have no business with the girls" (with a loud laugh), "but you must be angling: I know your tricks." Here the old fool put his finger to his mouth, blushed, and took his bonny bride by the hand. At other times she will have the brat at the play with her. In short, she is a mass of vulgarity, and the peer a miserable imbecile. I have no patience with such people.

people. Such matches are preposterous; and those who make them should never stir from home."

At this moment we beheld her, from the window, devouring fruit as she stepped out of her vis-a-vis, and my Lord trotting after her, with her parasol and reticule. Of course, we laughed at them; but a host of visitors came in, and cut short our thread of scandal. It was agreed upon that we should meet at the concert this night, and the ensuing one at the masquerade. The visitors are now gone; and we must attend to the toilette, and will appear again in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

My toilette is completed;—but how difficult it is to please *generally!* Often, what a woman thinks becomes her best, is quite the reverse. She must then dress to please others. How hard to hit the variety of tastes! A pretty woman may wear any thing to please the other sex; but she will be scrutinized and dissected by her own. What is fashionable does not suit all alike; but rather what is becoming to the complexion, person, features, stature, age, and situation in life. How much judgment and good sense are required in deciding upon all this! Therefore dress is not so unimportant a matter, in the world, as your wise heads pretend to make it. Now as I am not a beauty, yet *fancy myself* attractive, much depends on the modesty, the elegance and the selection

tion of dress; finery I avoid; it suits not every one. I therefore attired myself for the concert in plain white, my hair à la Françoise, one pearl comb, pearl ear-rings, neck-lace and bracelets, white gloves, white satin shoes, and neither flower, feather, nor any ornament on my head.

My male readers will excuse this trifling detail. It is not addressed to them; but to my own sex, and, simple as it may appear, it has a meaning. Had I known the Author of that clever little satire, "*Dress and Address,*" I could have been useful to him. Thus clad with fine lace, but every thing as plain as possible, I expected to have escaped criticism. I conceived that I was below remark, and that my toilette would escape all female discussion: but it was otherwise. "How dowdy she looks," said the lady of a high civic character, who fain would be the woman of fashion. "What affectation in that simplicity!" exclaimed.

exclaimed Lady Carter Wimbledon, who, herself, was all finery, and seemed sewed up in her clothes, at least about the *bust*. "Oh! oh!" observed a maiden Right Honorable of sixty, "she wants to *look* the bride at *least*, although nobody will have her. The Duke has declared off, and the wounded lover does not seem to be anxious to make his proposals of *marriage*, (laying preposterous emphasis on the word, and looking all uncharitableness and cunning at the same time) and Harry Wildish has gone abroad. I wonder who will take her at *last?*" (very pointedly articulated, and looking severely round.)

These, and a thousand other censorious remarks, did I overhear respecting my poor person and my humble dress, until I was relieved by the approach of our militaire on one side, and the deaf Bishop on the other, Fidelio sitting, with my mother, behind me. "What could have brought the Bishop here?" drawled,

drawled, through his nose, General Trump, of card-playing notoriety. "Why the fashion," replied his talkative spouse. "The fashion indeed!" resumed the tabby who cut me up so: the fashion indeed! a pretty figure for the fashion! rather say that his expensive daughter brought him here, who leads him by the nose every where."

"Your most obedient my Lord," said I to him, as he placed himself beside me. "Very crowded indeed," replied he; not hearing one word of what I said. "How is your health?" resumed I. "Never saw you looking better!" "Very late indeed," answered he; "people grow later and later every day. How long have they begun?" "The overture is just *over*," replied I in a heightened tone of voice. "Oh! you have come from *Dover*," said he, catching only the last sound. I now left him to my mother, who, putting her lips close to his ear, and speaking deliberately,

rately, said, " How very cold, my Lord." " Yes, very cold; very cold indeed; very cold for the season; very cold indeed." " I don't see your Lady." " Very cold indeed," continued he to remark; " but," fixing her hand on his arm, and speaking still louder, " how is your Lady?" said my mother. (The Bishop.) " Very stormy, very stormy indeed; windy in the extreme; very windy; stormy without cessation for this long time past; very windy indeed!" Here a general laugh broke out, and I was delighted at the breaking of a string in the orchestra, which I assured the Bishop was the cause of all this mirth. " So, so," said he, and seemed perfectly satisfied; then, shutting his eyes during the next piece of music, he sat like patience on a monument, until the end, and then, turning to me, cried, " Very fine indeed."

Now a certain Royal Duke and his bride arrived. " I am glad that he has got married," cried a grey-beard,

heard, as if his marriage could be of the least consequence to him. "A sad expensive man in his youth," continued he, "and the torment of the army; but he has quite reformed. He would cashier an officer for the length of his queu; drilled his regiment into a consumption; insisted on one hair-dresser performing on all the officers' heads, in order that they might appear uniform, so that the juniors had to rise at two in the morning, to accommodate their seniors. Then again he used to tyrannize over the married officers, because their wives would not visit his mistress, and he rendered their lives quite miserable. Expensive again in the extreme! The French grey silk hangings of his house near the Park, the bath, the riding-school, &c. cost a pretty penny; but I trust that he is reformed, and that matrimony will make a new man of him: his debut was but so so, indeed."

At this moment a certain very beautiful woman drew him off to another subject, and I overheard him muttering something about a satirical production of Lord P——s; and, pointing towards the lady, he said in a low tone, a quotation therefrom, in which were these lines:—

There's Powel's pistol ready for your life,
Or kinder still, a p——t for your wife!

The *motive* I leave to my sapient reader; these were the lines.

The concert concluded, and we were preparing to depart, when we fell in with Lady Newfangle. "How well his Royal Highness looked," cried she; "I am quite in love with him, and his bride also! He favored me with a smile. It is right that royalty should countenance the nobility. Without the nobles, the *mobocracy* would have it all their own way. How prettily you're dressed! I like your simplicity.

simplicity. We married women of rank must dress a little high; but you *unmarrieds* do vastly well in simple attire. You go to the masquerade of course? I mean to go as a virgin of the sun, because the dress is so handsome; and I know a certain Duke who means to be Apollo, and young C——, Sir Richard's son, is to be Mercury."

"Pray," interrupted our guardsman, "was not Sir Richard an M. D.?" "Oh yes," answered her Ladyship. "Then I should sink the shop," observed he, with a smile. "Truly," said my Lady, not understanding what was meant. "And," continued she, "there are to be two rival Pans, a brass pan and a patty pan." "Perhaps," observed our friend, "the former was lord B. the latter, Alderman B——'s son, whose papa *was, is* indeed a pastry-cook." "And rival Venuses," concluded she, "by scores. But fare ye well. Thomas, my viz; for you must know,"

(turning

(turning to me,) "my landau-viz is repairing, and the chariot is gone to the House to fetch my husband from a long debate." "In which he will take no more part than an aye or a no at the end," whispered some one near, to his neighbour. "For you must know," resumed she, "he has bought the borough of Rotten-mere. There are only sixteen electors, so they must be pretty much at our beck and nod. Support the crown right or wrong, that's my motto; for so it becomes folks of quality to do. But fare ye well. Pray, Mr. Sycophant, go and look for my two footmen."

Here she disappeared, and was followed by a general titter or smothered laugh. Next came Lady D'Autrefois, yawning immeasurably. "Don't my love," cried her Lord. "I tell you I will," replied she. "Why, I'm half asleep, and I want my supper; I wish I had a gone sooner; but I never get what I want with

you." There she yawned again. "What an *opening* for a young man!" observed an impertinent behind me, at which all his comrades laughed. I leave the point to my reader, having no design to leap down the Lady's throat myself. Our carriage now drew up; and farewell concert, company and scandal for awhile.

The votaries of pleasure, in spite of all their efforts to kill time and to fly from self, have many blank, dry and unoccupied intervals. Sleep cannot be commanded, and the fatigue of pleasure often produces a total impossibility of repose. We retire to a downy pillow, to a soft couch, to gilded ornaments and to silken curtains; but we cannot command rest. Pleasure often creates a fever, which banishes tranquillity; and then, oh! then, every care of the world, every unwelcome thought, every unbidden remembrance throngs upon our brain.

When

When I had undressed and assumed my wrapper, I sat down to think over a few circumstances, which occupied me the most. I desired my maid to withdraw; and, going to my drawer, I took out the last letter from the Duke, to which I wished to give particular attention. I perused it repeatedly; and, the more I examined it, the more I saw a change of sentiment. I had renounced his hand, yet I seemed as if I did not consent to relinquish his heart. Man is changeable! said I to myself; and the reflection brought to my imagination as story, which my brother told me, of his amours abroad. It furnishes a lesson to my own sex, and I cannot withhold it.

In his military career, it fell to my brother's lot to get acquainted with a Minorcan of particular beauty. A soft temper, sweet manners, and numberless attractions endeared her to him. From

admiration his heart past to desire; from desire to passion; from passion to esteem. She was the daughter of a merchant, and, of course, a little inferior to him in life; but her accomplishments again poised descent, whilst her worth transcended fortune. He was resolved to make her his bride. He had often informed her to that effect; and her ears were so familiar to the sound, her heart so relying on him, that she fancied that she actually stood in that relation to him.

Blame me not, ye merciless prudes, who read these lines: there exists such a dependence in female minds; there lives, deny it not ye stern, untried and uncharitable moralists, such a feeling in woman's heart, that she can stand *alone* to one being, without reserve, so as to consider him the world to her, and can scarcely dare to think on the transitory existence of all human things, or on any consequences which

may

may attend the surrender of soul to him who has become her idol on earth,—to him who seems, to her, incapable of change, unequalled and unrivalled in the world.

Such was poor Charlotte to my brother. Safe in her heart, and secure in the command of her affections, he grew, like other men, vain, and communicated his conquest to his friends. She was his inferior; and the tongue of vice failed not to suggest to him the degradation of such an alliance, whilst practised seduction suggested to him that she might be his without such a sacrifice, and by a less legitimate bond than that of wedlock—a less galling chain, an easier contract.

Here, let us cut short the abandonment of duty on my brother's part, the oblivion of propriety on that of Charlotte. Their hearts were united; but their

hands were untied. Love's empire is tyrannical, imposing, mighty, but brief and uncertain. My brother's regiment was under orders for Ireland; and he left his lovely, unwedded wife, bordering on madness, bewildered by despair, awakened from the golden dream of promise, and devoted to heart-corroding care. Solemn was his vow to return, stedfast, I believe, his purpose of protection, frequent his assurance, tender his parting vow. His heart, as he told me, swelled as he left the shore, as if arrested life could not survive his last glimpse of it, as if his separation from her whom he had loved, injured and forsaken, was to cut him off from every human enjoyment. He would have given worlds to have been able to return and to unite his fortune to that of Charlotte.

The whole of the voyage, she was constantly in his mind, constantly present to his eyes. The

r eflec tion

reflection of the injury which he had done her haunted him every night, and he could mix in no manner of mirth. Landed, he relaxed a little in his grief, and mingled in the amusements of the circle about him. His military duties occupied his days, and the festive bowl beguiled his evenings. From time to time, however, a pang wrung his heart, and poor Charlotte occupied his moments of calm reflection, visited him in idea, in the lone hour of night, and pressed on his imagination in his walks of solitude.

London, at length, and the bosom of his family, offered a strong alleviation of his pain. Seldom did he think on the past; fainter were his emotions. When the thought of her, whom he once had loved, occurred to his unwilling recollection, he strove to justify himself to his conscience by worldly prejudice; but the arrow was in his heart, and now and then made him feel its point.

Thus it is that time, absence, and distraction operate on the affections of men. The lover's broken vow is like the ebbing of the sea, which strikes the shore less forcibly as it recedes from it, and at last leaves no trace of it behind. The first recollection of injured love is strong and furious as the bounding billow; it diminishes with the increase of distance; and it finally dies away entirely. So does the past fade in our memory. Approaching objects gain in magnitude; departing one's sink into nothing, or seem to us like the mist of the mountain, the vapour melting in the sun, or the blue speck in the horizon on its last perspective line.

These reflections led me to account for the Duke's change towards me. Our acquaintance was short, although our mutual attachment appeared strong. Both were formed in rural retreats, in scenes of nature, in tranquil hours, and under circumstances

very

very favorable to sympathy. Other and more gilded prospects had now passed before his eyes; and, with our prospects, naturally, do our views in life change, as the French very truly say—

"Les jours se suivent, mais ne se resemblent point."

I found that, with time, I myself had altered; and I doubt not that my friends must have perceived this still more than myself; but away with reflection, and let us go to the masquerade!

CHAPTER VIII.

We pity our people of quality when they are involved in pecuniary embarrassments. A good heart, we say, is so apt to get wrong in money matters. Servants and tradesmen take such advantages of great people; then they have so many ways for their money, so many dependants, so much charity! Now this last article, I never knew to ruin any one. Even the last Lord Petre but one, who gave away five thousand per annum regularly; the present Duchess of Buccleuh whose poor-pension-list is immense; a George Lord Kenyon, who, in proportion to his income, surpasses perhaps any one, never felt inconvenience from charity. But when we see entertainments costing from one hundred to one thousand pounds,

pounds, not to mention the *thousands* at one fête at C——n House, how can we wonder that the fashionables in high life, whether titled or otherwise, are ruined: in fact they or the tradespeople must be so.

I know three commoners' wives who give these kind of entertainments repeatedly in the season, not to mention the splendid festins of our noblesse. And how can two hundred people sit down to a supper, consisting of all the varieties of the season, wines at nearly one guinea per bottle, pines at a guinea each, peas or strawberries, or some other rarity at guineas a pint or half-a-guinea a handful, with expensive music, chalked floors which last a few hours, and flowers which fade as soon, under a very considerable sum indeed. Yet we wonder how we are ruined!

Very few indeed *fairly* spend their fortunes. I have one relation ruined by gaming, another beggared

by electioneering, a third reduced to a very small income by an insatiable desire of show, by entertainments like these, and by keeping open house for those who forget him in reduced circumstances, and who envied, blamed and laughed at him whilst in prosperity, and whilst they, themselves, were enjoying the pleasures and the hospitality of his roof.——My reader will pardon this admonitory digression, as it is well meant.

Our party for the masquerade was very numerous. We proceeded together to the elegant mansion of our hostess. The whole arrangement of her fête was unique and elegant. The apartments were entirely new furnished on the occasion, which must have greatly added to the expense of the entertainment, which possessed all the attractions of a concert, of a waltz, quadrille, and English ball, of a supper, splendid to a degree, and of a fanciful promenade

menade through a grove of orange trees, where you met, in divers costume, all the beauty and fashion of town, and where a great deal of wit, anecdote, scandal and humour might be gleaned from the company; for there were a number of characters admirably supported. We had also dances, choruses and scenic representations inimitably sustained, and happily introduced.

In spite of my *tirade* against extravagance, my admiration was complete on this occasion; and I must allow, that it requires much head, much taste, much esprit, to make out such a bill of fare of amusement; nor do I think that the beau monde is exempt from a debt of gratitude to those who charm you in so many ways,—the eye, the ear, the fancy, the palate, nay even our memory; for such festivities sink deep in recollection. Good company, the meeting with friends, delightful music, the mirth-inspiring dance, brilliant dresses

dresses and decorations, wit and small talk, a superb supper, seasoned with a dish of scandal,—these certainly cannot pass for nothing.

On this occasion I was more gratified than on almost any other one of my life; and I must candidly own, that I preferred it to the Dandy ball, to the Wellington Vauxhall chaos, or even to the eminently expensive Royal fête, where a river running down the table, and golden donkies bearing panniers of salt, not attic salt, constituted the greatest novelties. Those donkies have been much talked of, and made as much noise as any other of their fraternity, or as the catholic ponies presented by Lady —— —— to a most illustrious and ever to be regretted personage; but, to say the truth, it was not the *animal* which was so strange in that quarter, as his being made of gold.

We know the things are neither rich nor rare;
But wonder how the devil they came there.

I repeat

I repeat it again; the attractions of Mrs ——'s fête were certainly greater than those of the royal fête. At the one, we were amazed; at the other we were pleased. To me a number of crowned heads always give too much weight to an entertainment. Besides, I was more at home at the masquerade.

Our hostess received us with her usual affability and grace. She was unmasked, the better to enable her to do the honors of her house, and to free her from the attacks of those, who under a masquerade dress, have a licence for every kind of remark.

One of the persons whom we saw in the room was a Doctor T——. He wore a judge's long robe and wig, the better to disguise his real profession. That man, said Fidelio, who was habited as a Spanish Cabalero, and who spoke the language admirably,— that man, said he, knows more secrets than any other

other man in the room. His evidence might disturb the peace of many families, make the married single, and the single, *family*-people; coronets and estates would totter at his word; and his judgment would frighten characters of the highest cast; but you may depend upon it, he will be discreet; 'tis a part of his oath; and he is a Lady's Doctor. It would be a pretty story if he told all he knew.

The next character was a *match*-maker. He cried *matches*; but not of the common kind;—matches which light the hymeneal flame; and, under this character, he said a number of smart and severe things. He did not spare Lord C——s about his son, Lord K——y; and he asked me what sort of match I should chuse to make? whether I wanted to marry a man or his estate? whether I would enter into wedlock for a companion or for a title? I told him both. Then, said he, I must have a double price; but I can

make

make matches of all sorts; some for the payment of debts on either side, some to cheat the next heir of entail out of his estate; some for ready money; some for a slight or for vexation sake; whilst some ladies marry for a wedding dress, and others merely for a *cloak*. I have half a dozen silly boys at the service of any widow, and some boarding-school misses ready for any body in the shape of a husband. I have seven desperate Irish half-pay officers at command, who will espouse ugly and deformed ladies or old maids, not more (I mean *not less*) than sixty-five years of age, provided that they have fortunes. I have a dozen titles to sell, at a moderate price, by wedlock; and some odious names, which will pay well for being changed. I have a Scotch cadet of a noble house, who will take a lady with a flaw, and some cracked characters which want mending. Heirs I will insure to titles which may be extinct without them; and titles may be had for rich heiresses, who

give

give themselves all sorts of airs. In short, all classes may be suited by applying at the Hymen Echo-Office, *Union* Street. A great deal of laughter was occasioned by this mask; and he gave a number of hard rubs to certain high and public characters.

A Scotch pedlar next succeeded him. He attacked Lord M—— immediately on his appearance, and asked him if "he could nae procure him some wee bit sinecure *plaice* for the sake o' coontrie? as he kent his faether fine, and was a discreet chappie, wha wad du onny thing for a bit of breed. In the Admiralty, for example, he was reddy to mak himsel usefu'; and he was *shure* he kent as muckle aboot it as the haulf o'the bit Lordies amongst 'em. He'd promise to vote just as he was telt, and to be aye quiet an discreet." Lord M. did not relish him at all; but still he plagued him until he was attracted by another mask; and we lost sight of him.

After

After promenading a few turns, and being desperately plagued by a mask, disguised as Mother Shipton, I took an ice and sat down, the better to listen to what passed. As listeners generally hear more than they ought, I learned a number of things which did not over much edify me, and which would not so much have surprised me at a public and promiscuous masquerade, as at a select and private one. Assignations, confidences, tender secrets, scandal, flattery, double entendre, and calumny and detraction, all had their share in the open attacks or whispered conversations of the masks.

Old Mr. P—— was there, evidently for the purpose of watching his wife, who was ignorant of his being there; and the Duchess of R——, having twice changed her costume, was keeping a good look-out on her partner. Poor Lord C——y was fancying himself quite young, and talking nonsense to the girls; whilst

whilst a very high person was fancying himself sentimental, and promenading it in soft whispers with his aged Venus. Miss Fitz C—— was very sprightly and attractive in her part, and Mr. Vans—— was as milk-and-watery as a Roman senator, as he is in the British æropagus, where he is accounted as a *mere* talker, a chasm filler, and a minister's make-weight.

Lord L—— was severe whenever he could get a political hit at any character, and as ill-humoured as his face announces. His huge grey whiskers betrayed him, and he got roasted, in his turn, about the running away of his daughter, her misalliance, his own intrigues, his attachment for brandy-faced Mrs. C—, who should be Lady R——, and whose husband was killed in a duel, as also respecting his selfishness, his want of hospitality in the north, &c. Lady D'Autrefois' vulgarity discovered her, and drew on her various attacks; whilst the Virgin of the Sun, with her mask

in

in her hand, caused many a sarcastic remark, and female titter. Her husband was making violent love to a French Countess, but in such barbarous French, that her only answer to all his superlative compliments, was: "Ma foi Monsieur, je n'entens pas *l'Anglais*; vous perdez ainsi votre tems."

I discovered in the course of the night a great number of my acquaintances; but, as is always the case on such occasions, many escaped me, and contrived to puzzle and to plague me. From their general remarks, it seemed clear to me that the idea of an union betwixt Fidelio and myself, appeared to have gone abroad. In answer to some very importunate questions on this head, put to me by a hermit, I replied that, "to constitute a match, three things were necessary; first, the mutual inward consent of both parties; secondly, that that consent should be asked; and thirdly, that it should be obtained: now

as

as none of these three preliminaries had been observed, it was impossible to decide upon the point in question. The hermit seemed surprised; and, indeed, rather incredulous on the subject. He observed, in relation to a certain trial of the Countess of A. that *some* gentlemen thought their *own* consent quite sufficient, and the lady's to be a mere secondary consideration, and a mere matter of form. Fidelio detached me from the hermit, and did not appear to like him at all.

Some of the masks were now dancing a waltz, and we agreed that we could discover our friends by their method of dancing. *Half masks* were worn by all the female partners. I do not mean this as a pun; some, I acknowledge, wear half masks, and some whole ones through life; but I notice the plain matter of fact. This circumstance discovered some of our friends by the tinge of their skin, the turn of the chin, and the lip frequently seen when the rotatory motion

producing

producing a breeze, discovered this feature. Lady Louisa M—— was known by her particularly well-turned ancle, and by not stepping more on the point of her foot than the German waltzer does. Lady Louisa V—— was known by a certain graceful, though affected turn of the head, over her shoulder, on describing the circle in her partner's arm. I remarked that circumstance to the Baron N——y, who gallantly answered, "Ma foi, mi lady, elle est faite pour faire tourner la tête a bien du monde." Lady F. S—m—t's smile betrayed her. Miss R——y, was known by her whisking round a heavy partner, Lord Cr——r; Miss M——y, by the peculiar elegance of her hair; and Lady C—— M——, by her *more* than auburn ringlets. Colonel U——'s ease, Mr. B——l's gravity, Lord W——'s stiffness, and Monsieur de P——, the Russian's, superiority, pointed all of them out distinctly, not to forget Mrs. S—m—r's tetotum-like turn, not without grace or activity, but with a sportive

sportive kind of oddity, not easily described, but well known to an observer. The engaging Miss B—v—ie was also there, and having taken off her mask in the refreshment room, was no longer a secret to her friends.

Our Exquisite-guardsman unmasked. He said that it was d——d warm, and too *much trouble* to be masked any longer. He therefore sailed through one waltz, and sat down until supper time, adding, "all the world will know me, but let them quiz me who will. Besides, as the Marquis of S—— said of himself and the Thane of * * * * (speaking of the present fashionable satirical novels)—they may abuse us as much as they please; but they can never make us worse than we are. His Lordship had a right to say this much of himself; but it was treating his friend rather too liberally. "Besides," concluded he, "when a man is unmasked, people are less apt to hazard gross impertinence,

pertinence, at a *private* masquerade. It is, *then*, inadmissible; and I should advise every Prince and prime minister to come paré instead of masqué, for this very reason. Indeed they do very frequently take this wise precaution; no one then having it in his power to say, "I know your Highness or your Excellency," when the party is unmasked and undisguised.

A curious character now crossed us. It was a man habited in a dun-coloured cloak and entire dress, with a file of bills in his hand, and a night-cap of the same colour as his dress. His mask was of a sallow complexion, and, on his breast, was written, A DUN. He followed all the great people, crying, "I know you would run away from me; you forget me when last you were in town;" or, "how can you forget so old an acquaintance." To one he cried, "My good Lord you ought to have paid me for those jewels which you bestowed upon la *Borachia*, else I shall suffer

suffer for your Lordship's gallantry." To another, "You forget me since I furnished you with an entertainment for the Princess: but "eaten bread is soon forgotten." To a third, Lady G——, "I am sent to collect your play-debts; it is three seasons since you have been in my debt, and it would be as honest to pay me before you run a new score with other folks." In short, the dun had something to say to every one,—how long he was kept at such an one's door, how long he had been a family appendage at the Duke of ——; with many other equally true, but equally unwelcome remarks.

Our friend now performed his promise, and made me acquainted with certain characters, before to me unknown.

CHAPTER IX.

THAT tall, *once* very handsome man, is ——— M. M. He is an honorable as for as name goes, can sport a broguing witticism, and say an impudent thing with any man breathing. 'Tis supposed that he was not only dipped in the Shannon, and had his tongue touched with the *blarney stone*, in his own country, but that his jaw was rubbed over with a brass candlestick at St. Stephen's chapel. A show of independence, the assumption of patriotism, self-sufficiency, and self-praise, the boasting of female favors, and the desertion of Lady R——, form his character. A handsome person made him dangerous to the other sex, when young; and unlimited effrontery makes him insufferable now that he is growing old.

Some odd stories about his libertinage, when at Oxford, are told; but I vouch not for their authenticity. He is, however, the most impudent fellow living towards women, and has justly got cut. He has grown into an officer of high rank, like a tall tree, quietly and imperceptibly. His achievements are only known to himself; but he had one advantage in life, namely that it was not very easy for any one *to be put above his head.*

See him following and pestering Lady H——, one of the ci-devant three graces, of which a departed Duchess, and her late sister, a star of fashion, formed the knot. Lady H—— is in rose colour: 'tis the colour of love, and therefore her Ladyship's livery; for she is the very humble votary of that divinity.

In the sailor's jacket is Jack M———. He was

was at his last *tack* when he married the Duchess. Jack is an honest fellow, and he was advised, previous to this match, to advertize thus:——"Wants a place, a robust, strapping, middle-aged man, as humble servant to a dowager Lady, a rich widow, or a low spirited heiress. He knows the town quite well; is not proud; and will do any thing which is required of him: can have a good character for temper, &c. Enquire of Lady Louisa —— Wimbledon." But it so happened that he got a place without this appeal to a generous public. He however merits his good fortune, and makes a good husband, which is no very common thing now o' days.

That sullen domino is Lord H. You may behold in him the principles of a stern republican, grafted on the pride of a vain patrician. The shade of his immortal uncle throws a dignity over him; and

all his lights, a paradox you will say, are borrowed from that shade. Left to himself, he is, as an author, little; as a speaker, less; as a politician, least. With a noble fortune, he is embarrassed, because he is devoured by the Bœvii and Mœvii of the age,—by would-be poets, and by *soi-disant* reformers, who cry reform until they are provided for. Then, like his Lordship's colleagues and associates,—the Talents,—they think of nothing but themselves and friends. Whilst helping of the latter, they found old England, like her national cheer, to wit her roast beef—there was plenty of carve and *cut*; but it is to be hoped that there will not be come again.

Whether his Lordship's female colleague be as anxious for reform as himself, remains very doubtful; and *what reform*, is still more difficult to guess. Some of the duns, who are diurnal visitors, may wish

it

it to be a reform of the establishment, so as to leave a provision for them. The democratic and Grub Street bards are of a different opinion.

The first act of notoriety of his life was his making a journey to Rome, not to imbibe the severe patriotism of the Roman senator, not to advance in *republicanism*, unless his connection with Lady W——r deserve that name; but to accompany a frail, interesting female, then the subject of a crim. con. trial, and now his partner for life. What enlarged views of our *internal retations*, of our *domestic policy*, or of our *foreign alliances* this female colleague may have been able to teach him, we know not; but he returned a confirmed Whig, whether a cosmopolite and republican in love or not.

Disguised as a French postillion, you see the Honourable A. S. He has come over slily from the op-

posite coast, *sans tambour ou trompette*, as the French say; for his *retreat* from the army, *malgré lui*, is sounded already. Broken by the sentence of a court-martial, and degraded in public opinion, he still wears that name, which once was illustrious, in letters and in arms, which once was renowned for learning and politeness. Being at home to a T. in gambling affairs, he once, accidentally no doubt, invited his gentle *coz.* the sparrow-hawk of a strange nest, to dine with him. He received him by proxy, leaving the letter T, which naturally comes after S, to do the honours of the *hospitable* board. He *did* them most admirably; but he rather *over* did, on which account *my cousin* could not swallow the bait, or rather, having swallowed it, could not digest it; for it stuck both in his gills and in his stomach. So much for *dealing* by hook or by crook.

Cousin S. then came in; and the end of the affair was, that the *cousin* was *cozened!* A clamorous

mama,

mama, and a papa too much up to trap to allow his offspring thus to be *had*, defeated all the well-laid plan and has overturned all the Honourable's prospects in life. He now "walks, like contempt, alone," but has, by way of a passa tempo, seduced a Greek friend's mistress, with both of whom he lived in the *family way*. He appears to be not over adventurous either in arms, or in arts with *strangers*; but he thinks that he may take these liberties with his relatives and intimates. Poor S. is quite lost. His respectable father is to be pitied, for never had man such a family! "Ask him," said my informant, "if he knows La Tour?"

Habited as a Commander of the Order of Malta, behold a malty Knight, the mere froth of self-sufficiency, the fermentation of bad spirits, the effervescence of coxcomicality. This pseudo Elegant has just come from the Continent, from taking, not the air, but the

airs of Paris. Whether this be *fixed* air, or whether, when it has evaporated, it will leave him flat, vapid, and *tasteless*, like the compounds which his establishment vends, and which, unaided by foreign and extraneousdrugs, becomes a miserable *home* commodity, I know not; but certain it is that he is at present offensive by his conceit.

These tradesmen's sons, when abroad, and when backed by a long purse, consider themselves equal to the nobles of the land, although they do occasionally meet with some hard rubs, as you shall hear. To conclude his character, all his notoriety consists in being the son of a brewer, who was shot by a blackleg for not paying his gaming debts :—But to my story.

Mr. ——, the son of the rich tallow-chandler, giving up the only lights which he possessed, and which, but for his father's industry, would *not* have shone

shone upon him, set up for a gentleman, and received an education to enable him to *act* the part upon the stage of life. A little conceit, however, in dress and in manner held him up to more minute scrutiny. The consequence was, that critics compared his present situation with his origin, and weighed his merit against his assumption of consequence. In conversation with an associate of higher rank than himself, he affectedly talked of his establishment, and announced his intention of commencing his *travels*. "Where?" replied his friend; "in *grease* do you mean?"

That magnificent fancy dress, worn by a man, if so he can be called, who has violated the laws of honor and hospitality, is Sir John Maximus Seductor. He has slipped over from the Continent, where he adds to the list of *worthies*, who represent, or rather who misrepresent, the national character abroad. Ask

him if he has paid the damages of his last crim. con. trial? and how he likes the Isle of Man? what figure he cut there? and whether he can charge his memory with the basest seduction of innocence, for a bet, it is said; but whether or not the circumstances are not less black, which ever disgraced humanity? He has assumed the character of Lothario, in the eventful drama of life. Let him beware of finding an Horatio, and of performing his last scene in faithful imitation of his prototype. He has hitherto closely followed this model by his faithless conduct towards women. Out upon such a character!

A little desultory conversation, cut, for a few moments, the thread of our discourse. Watchmen and watermen, May-day sweeps and ballad-singers, surrounded us on all sides. Amongst the sweeps was Mr. Plad, a patient servant of all-work in the lower house,

house, a ministerial drudge and brush, upon occasions. He came in contact, however, with an opposition *broom*, who swept him off.

A watchman sprung his rattle to give the alarm. "The country in danger!" cried he, 'twas Lord S——th. The broom and broomstick now were at war together; but all the poor clergy, as Pat calls the chimney-sweepers, came in to his aid. "Church and State!" was the cry, and the majority had it. "Dirty work," cried the *Outs*, who were *out*-numbered, and off they went.

"A plague on both your houses!" Hem! Shakespeare! cried stately Lady *Lucina* Novelwrite, the wife of Sir Charles Lucina Faussecouche. The Lady retains one of her own names, being the most lucrative. It is the name of an estate, much benefited by the paper mills. She was soiled by the contact

of

of the combatants. "What a dust they kick up!" continued she, "dress'd in a little brief authority!" Shakespeare again. But you must know that this lady is an authoress, aye and a good one too; and she would be an historian; but there she fails; and a critic on manners, *let her alone for that*; and a politician! there she is quite out in her *reckoning*. Apropos, this word *reckoning* ushers in her history very appropriately. By her publications, she has, deservedly, gained notoriety; by her influence she has gained a title for her husband, who has been be-Knighted, not by a chivalrous sword, but by a female pen and by a female hand. He bears his title proudly, and even co-operates in spoiling what his lady writes.

You must know that he was an accoucher, whilst his Lady is an authoress. But they blend the tricks and qualifications of trade most unfortunately.

Sir

Sir Charles is dull in his *conceptions* and unpleasant in his *delivery*, *heavy* as any of his former patients could be, but *producing* nothing after the greatest *labour*. Lady Lucina is bright in her conceptions, easy in her delivery, light in her style, lighter in her manners, and very productive to the obstertical Knight. They endeavour to *embrace* the useful and the agreeable; but, in this *embrace*, he is like a mill-stone round her neck, which not only keeps her from rising, but which sinks her considerably. You see that she is habited as the heroine of romance.

Following her like a shade, or rather like the shadow of a shade, growing less in the declining ray of genius, behold her Knight and partner! You see that he is armed cap-à-piè, and fain would pass for a chevalier, although neither able to ride the prancing war-horse, nor to bestride the winged Pegasus. The highest feather in his helmet, is his wife's grey goose-quill,

quill, on which he *plumes* himself not a little. Whilst a bachelor, he used to pass his *noctes atticæ* in a garret in Chancery Lane, doubtless, in order to look down on mankind in general and to gain nearer views in astronomy. In this first floor from heaven, he shone not, in spite of his shining situation; and how he gained a pre-eminence in the authoress's regard seems most astonishing. This high character who never *descended,* except in his moderate and cloudy professional labours, now again *set up* for something.

He became a husband, an Author and a Knight, in all as dark as nox et erebus ("pardon the latin, Lady ——," said my informant.) His lady filled his empty pocket, but she could not store his empty head, although crammed full of novel, romance, poetry, politics, metaphor, trope, figure and oration, all lodged by his lady, like useful furniture, in a lumber loft, *to be left till called for.* Drawing injudiciously from this store,

store, he has charged their last work, (satirically called, by the newspapers, an Hermaphrodite volume) with the very heaviest materials, and his preponderance of co-operations has made it completely *miscarry*. They may perhaps commence *de novo*; but, in the next drug, it would be advisable to avoid so much of the *Doctor*'s narcotics, and to allow a greater prevalence of my Lady's volatile spirits.—A loud laugh, and we passed on to another mask.

" This man's character will *tell well*," said our friend, leaning great stress on the words *tell well*, by which I saw that he meant a pun. " This," continued he, " is the orator, who is literally a jack of all trades and master of none. Cobbling, tailoring, teaching, editing, lecturing, and setting-up for a politician, have all shared his attention. His first trades required an apprenticeship, which he never regularly served, always dismissing himself, or being dismissed from

from his masters or his employers. Politics, however, he conceived, required no apprenticeship, and, like many politicians, poets, and authors of the day, he started up, all at once, a *full grown* politician, self-created, and self-taught. It is strange, that whilst a tailor, and in the act of over-casting a button-hole, he thought himself *cut out* for an author, and, whilst docking a volunteer-drummer's jacket, he conceived the project of *curtailing* the royal prerogative, of clipping the wings of ministry, and of *shortening* the period of elections. From *such an origin* what happy results might be expected!

He once conducted the Courier; but his *botching* and *cutting* system rather *abridged* its sale in the memorable fourteen days of his being their journeyman, or rather their *foreman*. His last *twinkling* of patriotism, was extinguished by the police-officers in the Borough, where himself, his lights, and his mutton-candles.

ton-candles were all *put out* together. Such men are very dangerous amongst the lower orders of people; and how he can have got into good company here I know not. He is habited as a Judge; but I believe him to be a judge of nothing.

The Virgin of the Sun (not Lady Newfangle, "for you see," remarked the speaker, "that there are many Priestesses, or Virgins of the Sun) is the Countess of G——l, better known by the name of Lady C——. She wears the bright orb of day in the centre of her bosom, with its device, "Lucet omnibus;' which being translated is, "It shines upon all." Such are her ladyship's smiles; such her universal taste; such her benevolence towards mankind. She has kindly imparted her warmth to many a devout suitor; she has enlivened, by her rays, many a dull swain; the flowers of love have expanded at her touch; and the flowers

flowers of fancy have every where sprung up at her feet."

"What an amiable woman!" exclaimed I. (A general laugh at me!) "Her liberality," continued he, "pleased every one but her sullen Lord, less bright, and far less attractive than her Ladyship, and having nothing of Apollo about him but his golden locks surmounting his broad forehead; and you will allow that there is little or nothing in that. Domestic jars used to occur, putting the husband out of tune, and destroying connubial harmony. At last, it is said, that she sung to him, by way of a matrimonial lullaby,

"Begone dull *care*
"I pry'thee begone from me;
"Begone dull *care*,
"Thou and I shall never agree." &c.

so that he obtained the nick-name of *dull care*. Some very

very illiberal caricatures have been published against her; but they have neither changed her beauty, her habits, nor her liberality. The title of the print was, "Change for a Guinea." What *change* did they mean? For me, I say "Honi soit qui mal y pense." 'Tis the Court motto, and therefore cannot be wrong.

"I have lost my beau!" exclaimed a young lady to her female companion, who, in company with a third, represented the three Graces. They were the Ladies A. D. and their grace-ful mama. "Can I assist in finding him," said Mr. Lignum, M. P. late a high civic character and a very honest man. "Not you," replied the lady; "you are not gallant enough; you chased all the females out of the city, with such a sweeping hand, that a female, at all well dressed, dared not to be seen betwixt Temple Bar and Whitechapel, which gained you the title of the scavenger general." Here the magistrate smiled.

"You

"You are a very upright magistrate," said a second, "but a sad *stick* for a lover;" "and as heavy a wit," added the third, "as ever tried it. Do you remember when you *missed fire* in the way of wit, and *made game* of yourself, by saying that the mob took yon for a woodcock?" "I say domine," recommenced the first, "why do you come in a domino? would not the magisterial robes suit you better, or does the *domino* give you a foretaste for the House of Lords, and do you expect to rise to it as you have done to the lower one, by honesty and plain dealing?" There was, in this last speech, a mixture of compliment with rebuke, which formed a pleasant and as palatable an aigre doux, as any brewer's *druggist* could compound. The domino, therefore, gravely saluted them, saying, "Ladies, you are really too much for me; three to one is terrible odds."

"Room!" cried a mask dressed as a macer,

"here

" here comes the Mayor of Garret!" Now these two masks were at cross purposes, for the mayor was a domino, and the dominus was a mayor. This grave judge, Lord E——, likes, as all men of taste do, to relax sometimes, and he visits, in the time of carnival or recess, the lower courts instead of the higher ones,—the court-yards instead of the Court of Common Pleas or King's Bench. In these minor courts, beauty often presides, and my Lord is a judge of beauty, as well as a judge of *a size*. Stature is often as good as *statute*; 'tis a great thing with some judges. Tall ladies, they say, strike his fancy occasionally, and why not? In these female courts there are courts of requests, which are much sooner answered than petitions in Chancery; but there are no petty courts of enquiry, nor courts of conscience. The petticoat, there, is a match for the long robe; and it is all the *common* law of the constitution, writs of error excepted.

There

There was too much law in all this for me to understand; and, whilst I was getting it explained, the three Graces seized on his Lordship. "I know," said they all three at once, "that you are a friend of the ladies." "Certainly," said he, "I love the fair; for you know that I am the head of Bartholomew fair." "That won't do," said the eldest, "we know you, and will soon try you and pass judgment on you." "Are you a Wig or a Tory!" "Both, fair creatures. A *Wig* by the head, a *Tory* at the heart; for I am for supporting power; and none is more *absolute* than that of beauty: from it there is no appeal: to it, I always bow obedience: for it, I always swear "service and fidelity." "An upright judge, a second Daniel!" exclaimed the youngest, and they all walked off together.

An awkward figure now paced by us, clad as the *genius* of Caledonia. "That," said our Cicerone, is

is a Duke, sullen, stately and alone. One of his sons is a fool; the other is half witted; and, although the *head* of his house, in point of situation, he stands, in point of intellect, between his two sons, save that he has some pride and severity peculiar to himself, and which, it is hoped he will not bequeath to the only sane and amiable being in his family, Lord Jemmy Jessamine, a gilded aid-de-camp and parade colonel.

The Duke has a stuffed bear in his Highland palace, which is thought, both in manner and features, a very great family likeness. His *Grace*, if *he* may be allowed that name, has also a very extensive domain, to enlarge which he has turned out a whole race of men, to make room for the beasts of his park, namely his deer, for which the horn of his good fame will not be exalted. The poor inhabitants of the glen wandered about roofless, for a time; most

most of them have migrated since. The Duke was once the sovereign of an island. What a pity that he ever left it! He is most tenacious of his game, proud of his title, severe to his tenants, rough and unpolished in his exterior. When you have said that he is a Duke, all is told; his coronet must answer for his head; his deer will account for his heart.

This nobleman's motto proves that he and his followers, in ancient times, carried on a predatory system. The savages, the supporters of his arms and of his house, upheld him in days of yore. Now does he turn them out, naked and unprovided, in reward for their services.

At this moment a drunken gentleman, in a domino, ran against a mask habited as the Devil upon two sticks, and upset him. Endeavouring to save himself, he made a dart at Lady Newfangle. A button in his

his dress entangling with her peruque, unmasked, or rather *unwigged* the Virgin of the Sun: she threw a veil over her diminished head, and fled precipitately, followed by a loud laugh. A friend took the offender by the arm and persuaded him to withdraw. We had now time to breathe, and we will suspend our further account of the masks until the next chapter.

CHAPTER X.

STICKING to the Duke's kilt, like a drone attached to a nobleman's robe, or a bug on a velvet hanging, followed Colonel Mc Sqwash, the fat ci-devant fencible colonel, who raised a Highland corps in St. Giles's, and *rose* as a chieftain out of a rum-puncheon. A love for notoriety is his ruling passion, to obtain which he will do any thing. Getting a few recruits, some crimped, witness the schoolmaster's servant, in the Highlands, he considered it so *great a feather* in his cap that he made a Highland regiment of it, and went as a *sans culotte* to court, to the great annoyance of our beloved King, and to the great wonder of the gaping maids of honour. The Marquess of Salisbury gave him a gentle hint on the subject, and he did not repeat his visit thus *half*-clad.

In

In his triennial military career, he never could learn to manœuvre his regiment; and, luckily, he never was called into the field on active service. To keep in his hand, however, he tried it upon his wife and sisters: he drew his sword one day, and frightened all the maids out of the kitchen; he drew his hand one night, and frightened all the children and his sisters, the former out of a year's growth, the latter—out of the room. Whilst in the army, if such feather-bed soldiering can assume that name, he learned to retreat in good order, and he showed the same to his numerous creditors, when, crowned with the olive, he retired to France. Yet does he always brag of his regiment.

Apropos of *brag:* he was a better *hand* at that than at Dundas's manœuvres, when he went by the name of Missy. He was quite celebrated as a card-

player, and even now looks like the Knave of Clubs. His countrymen, who, in his youth, nick-named him Missy, in his advanced period of life, called him Lucky, meaning *mother*, or an old woman, dame if you like; but, at all events, not a very gentlemanlike or military name.

To the newspapers he is most indebted for his fame; for they not only gazetted his regiment, but himself, as coming and going, as giving suppers, and being present at the levee. They were, however, silent when he made his trip to France. On his return, who would believe it? he entertained the Duke of Gloucester; and he was good enough to let us know that he cried, when a most illustrious Princess died, and announced his having a pair of embroidered colours, in *high preservation*, and as *good as new*, put up in a band-box, which the Princess gave him when

in

in her nursery. Peut-être qu' oui, peut-être que non. But where is the regiment which would wish to take his standard from him?

Swaggering, in the dress of a yeoman, came Jack B——, whose Canterbury tale of freedom hoaxed the lazy men of ——, into making him their representative. He is a popular member, because his is a populous quarter, stamped with his own countenance. His exertions to keep up this population, are, however, attended with very little expense, as he throws the onus on the parish. With all his popularity, he spares not the people, often driving the needy wretch from his corn-fields, lest an ear of corn should be gleaned to the detriment of his swine, which pay better, and are better suited to his taste and to his pleasures, than any of the swinish multitude. The freeholder who has elected him may murmur, but then he is safe in his seat for seven long years; whilst Dick or

Tom has to regret his unfulfilled electioneering promises, and Poll and Bet have equally to deplore other promises which are equally ill performed. Whether the rising generation will bless him, or curse him, is not decided; but he certainly will be named one way or other, in the parish.

Like the rum-colonel, this rum-senator disciplines his wife; but in drilling men, he is not more successful than the former, who is, they say, one of the best makers of an apology of his day, as Major M—x— can testify. The M. P.'s most desperate effort at a manly drill, was against his footman; but livery-lace drew up and put himself in a pugilistic attitude, when the *honorable* member desisted from his noble purpose, and declined combat. He has lost his electioneering mouth-piece, deserted in the hour of need, and left to drink himself to death. Had the senator, when he lost his *mouth-piece*, lost also his

voice

voice in the House, neither it nor the country would have felt it.

" Upon my honour," said I, " you are very severe." " Not a bit," replied he; " you ask me for people's characters, and I give them you, in the mildest manner possible; but I'll desist if you please." " Oh! pray don't," said my mother; " I like your account, of all things." He here took a pinch of snuff, and perceiving a diminutive warrior approaching in a rich suit of mail, and clad as the borderers were of old, he exclaimed, " Cheviot-chace! *abridged* and ruined! The Duke of Poodle, by all that's courteous. This is the Duke of ——'s nom de guerre, known by every town-lady, and borne out by the size of his whiskers, and by his being as great a favourite with the fan, as a pet lap-dog. He certainly does not look like the ——s of old, nor does he suit the gloomy pa-

lace in London, much less the chateau in the North, surmounted by warriors, and exhibiting the athletic struggles of conflicts hand to hand, and horse to horse.

" The old English mastiff might be deemed a fitter protector of such a habitation, and be considered as an animal more analogous to its appearance; but for a lady's chamber, the poodle claims the preference, and is fitter for these piping times of peace. Barbarous customs are past, and many of us seem to wish to be as little like what our ancestors were as possible."

" But here comes a junta of authors! defend us, 'tis M——e and H——d House broke loose—bards, critics, reviewers and politicians, scribblers, turncoats, and hired orators—what a party! they are all

in

in sable dominos, and seem not unlike the croaking raven tribe.

" J—— takes the lead; he is right; for he may not keep it long. A certain noble poetical peer, now on his travels, has so dressed this leader of party, this tomahawking chief of reviewers, that it is unnecessary to say any thing more of him. In English bards and Scotch reviewers he stands eminent and immortal, lofty as his patrimonial garret, foul and offensive, gross and abusive as the stenchy Canongate of his native land, and the very last of dirt-throwers thereof. Born of a barber (it is said), he spares not his clumsy razor, which, like its master, would be better for strapping occasionally.

" In his style he is coarse and ungentlemanlike; in his language, impertinent and pedantic; in his

conclusions, often erroneous; in his criticisms, injudicious and unmerciful. To me," concluded our friend, "a hired critic is just on a par with the hired bravo, or the mercenary ruffian; each is the slave of other men's evil humours and bad passions; each hews, cuts, maims, lacerates, wounds, and dispatches without personal enmity or personal provocation; neither the one nor the other has an injury to avenge, a private wrong to redress, nor a personal passion to indulge, save when, as in Mr. J——'s case, ill nature becomes a prevalent feeling, and the wounding of a fellow creature daily sport. Such is the character of that person, whose countenance is more the mask of humanity than that which he now wears, and whose natural appearance has more disguise in it than these fanciful coverings which we see on every hand. Yet is he received and caressed by two classes—the weak and the wicked; the former fear his sting, not daring

to

to catch him and put him out, like any other noxious and troublesome insect; the latter hire his abilities and subsidize his pen.

"The person whom he, J——, seems to avoid, is Doctor S——, who is what we call a rat. He was one of the Lake literati, and there gained the nick-name of the dirty philosopher, which name, in spite of his political apostacy, he has never attempted to lose. Ask him whether he likes the old or the new times best? A clean hand is a rare thing now o'days: whether he possesses it, he knows best; but in shaking off his former habits, friends and principles, he should have also shaken off the dirt which gained him the nick-name before mentioned. Philosophers, however, affect a neglect of person, in which there is more affectation than in the greatest attention to dress." Here we set young Rowley, a very fine young

young man just come from college, upon the Doctor, who plagued him immensely; but the Doctor was too much for him. He defended himself most ably, and escaped from him at last. It is difficult to catch a rat, it has so many shifts, turns and doubles; and, as one good turn deserves another, you can never be sure what turn they will take. To *turn them out* is safest; but it turned out otherwise here.

" Escaped from persecution, he linked himself arm in arm with C———, habited as the genius of the Lake, with a haze about his head, which was never clear, and a turned coat loosely suspended from his shoulders, so that he may throw it off, if something better offers, a magician's wand in his hand, and a brandy-bottle slung at his girdle, sandals on his gouty feet, and blue stockings to denote his eccentricity. With his magical wand he gives mystery to his compositions, and with the brandy-bottle he

he gives them their only spirit. He may very truly be called a Girouet, and another *lake* rat. (N. B. Water rats are very dangerous.)

" He was once completely dyed with republicanism, a devotee to the Godwinian system of liberty, equality, primitive simplicity, and a communion and participation of goods and of property. His own being contained in a comb-case and transportable without danger of fracture on a China plate, made this part of the Godwinian creed sit much *lighter* on his mind. In consequence of this, he projected migrating to Africa or America with a knot of friends, and there living like the shepherds of Arcadia. This was very romantic, very fanciful, very worthy of *the* poet; but his *knot* of friendship seems to be like his *other ties*, whether religious or political, namely a mere *slip knot*, which *binds* no longer that convenience dictates. There certainly must be some thing

thing very changeable in the air of the lakes; but n' importe.

"This man once gave a lift to the Courier, or rather it gave a lift to him. Confused, cloudy, racked with gout and inflamed with brandy, he writes poems which are sermons, and sermons which are poems; reversing the established nature of things, by creating chaos out of order, instead of order out of chaos.

"The mask who just now took a lee lurch," said our informant, "is Mr. H——, a newspaper writer, and another lake-character. There he formerly indulged his youthful fancy, wooed the muse, and courted the Lady of the Lake, an humble female, who listened to his *artless* strains. The flowers of fancy sprung not up alone, for the fruits of his universal philosophy excited suspicion that his philosophy was less of a moral and experimental kind,

than

than of a natural and practical species. Living proofs were adduced of this, and the first challengers of his doctrines and detectors of his practice (your Ladyship will pardon me, said our friend with a sneer), were the parish officers. But the author and philosopher, aided by the mist arising from the lake, and which has hung about him ever since, escaped over the mountains, leaving a blank in the society of his friends, and the *fulness* of request to his female pupil.

" He is now a newspaper writer, although very little calculated for the task, which he dashes through in the boldest manner. He goes down to his office Bacchi plenus, full of wine; sees double the burthens of the people; takes an intemperate view of the state of the country; and, if afflicted with nausea or with flatulency, swears that the constitution is undermined. The paper goes off with his aerial incumbrance,

brance, accompanied with a spirited, id est an alcoholic attack upon ministry. His task being now done, he returns to bed or the bottle as occasion may require. What a rare light to enlighten the people—what a safe guide for public opinion!!!"

"What a shame!" now exclaimed our Exquisite, on seeing a figure dressed as Liberty, "that that plebeian should be here. The fellow is a retail linen-draper, nor can I conceive how he came here, unless the founder of the feast may owe him a bill, or unless he is joined as an unit to the popular party of H——, &c. This politician, considering our nation as a nation *boutiquière*, has risen from the counter to the senate,—may aspire from the till to the treasury, and may conceive himself as capable of dealing out liberty by the yard, as he is of serving muslin by the ell, in which occupation neither he nor his serving men were ever accused of giving over measure,

measure, nor of taking under value, much as this wordy orator professes his love for the people.

" His *lengthy* orations are filled with as much flimsy matter as he exhibits, to tempt fanciful females with, in his shop-window, and on his show-counters ; as thin and unsubstantial are his political doctrines and arguments. With all his patriotism and love for the lower orders, it has never occurred that they left the rostrum from which he held forth, filled either in pocket or in stomach with aught solid and substantial. Their ears, however, were filled with sounds, and their minds with chimeras, on which they were left to feed until the parish or the watch-house relieved their wants. What *measures* the linen-draper may introduce, in the House of Commons, we have yet to see ; but it is to be hoped that he will sink the shop, and remember that he is neither declaiming on the top of

of an empty beer-barrel, nor from the roof of a hackney-coach."—A laugh.

We had now done with authors; and poor Lady T—— passed by. "Is not that Lady T——?" said I. "The same," replied the last speaker. "Her Ladyship is literally going to *rack*, or rather, she has been so long going to *rack* in her stable, that she is now going to ruin out of it. The game is very nearly up with her; deeply in debt with all her servants, and to all the world, she cannot long stand her ground, and I see no resource for her, but that of turning horse-dealer; for such are her female accomplishments, that she knows very little out of that situation.

"I would venture to say," continued he, "that she can hog, dock, physic, bishop, dress, and show off a horse, with any man. She tells her grooms that

that she happens to know what a horse is, and when he is done justice to. Delicacy forbids me to explain her Ladyship's *delicate* manner of ascertaining if her cattle have had their corn. In a word, parsimony to her servants, attention to her horses, a most *gentlemanlike* behaviour, and a love for the stable, constitute her character, and have gained her all the notoriety which she possesses. You see that she is dressed as a fox-huntress, and that she fills the character very naturally.

" But here comes a senator very different from those whom we have seen, one very different from the authors and scribblers, the shop-keeping patriot, the retailers of second-hand politics, or the wholesale hired speech-makers,—here is a worthy man, an M. P. too; but who will never make a *noise* in the world."

Clad in a Highlander's garb, this mask was no other

other than Colonel Mum, the son of a most worthy couple, the head of a Highland clan, and the father of his tenantry and of the poor. The heart of this successor of his, is undeniably good, but he has picked up lowland parsimony, somehow and somewhere, which makes him unequal to his predecessors. In his family, as in that of G——n, there is insanity; but the *loss* of intellect will never affect the Colonel. For this reason, he was deemed a very worthy representative in parliament. His military profession will always teach him obedience, whilst his natural tranquil habits will prevent over exertion. He can bow or nod, say yes or no, as well as any other man; and, upon a division of the House, will be found just as useful as the best of them all.

Here the speaker entered into a long discussion upon borough automatons, and parliamentary mutes, upon ministerial puppets and government tools.

All

All that I could collect from his remarks, was, that all these were useful in the *hands* of ministers; and I don't see why a few peeresses and commoners' wives could not fill up a few vacant places with as much use as any of them. However, as I am a mere reporter of what has *actually* passed before me, I shall not attempt to handle politics, but leave my reader to his or to her own decisions, as to the matters before them.

"It is very warm, Colonel," said our friend to this mask, shewing that he knew him. "Yes," replied the Colonel; "your Lady is not here." "No." And there we parted.

The next was Lord Puddledock, in his peer's robes and with a half mask. The name of Lord is almost all his inheritance. Nominal indeed are many men's qualities. "I remember," said our well

well informed guardsmen, "this peer's father,—he carried weight on his back, not that infirmities should be ridiculed, but the little man strutted about with his arms behind him, just as if he had a fortune to *back* him, or as if he carried a throne instead of an incumbrance, as if he possessed an ornament instead of an infirmity. We certainly have some very strange Lords, and this is one of them. He was never heard of in the cabinet or in the field; but, like many fashionables of the day, he has contrived to get into print. A newspaper account of his affray with a lodging-house man has not either much raised his fame or added to the dignity of the title. He once was in the guards, but he got into a scrape there, and got out of it, little better than he did out of his lodgings or out of the Police Office."

Ah! here is Lord Falcon! cried I. Yes, replied our friend; who would take him for the descendant of

him

him who wielded the trident for his country's glory, who bore our triumphant thunder to distant shores, and who stands so high in the list of naval heroes? This peer's great celebrity is merely his wielding a four-horse whip, his having been a good brother to his present brother, and a bad husband to his late wife. Ask him if he loves con gusto, or di cuone? whether his fat queen of hearts be in or out of tune? whether he associated her to his establishment for the sake of promoting domestic harmony, or merely to fill up a *vacant* place in his bosom and in his chamber? Plague him further, and ask him, why his fat friend and he fell out abroad, and whether he thinks that these Ladies' society, and the Right Reverend Father Ambroise's example are very edifying to a son? "My Lord, where are your four greys? and where is worthy brother Falcon? Is he practising, or only studying *greek* or latin? Is he a professor, or only a mere amateur?" The peer fled precipitately, in the disguise

disguise of a mail-coachman. Though a good whip, he could not endure the lash of satire; raillery may always be borne, except when it is true.

Crawling along in a large Scotch party, clad as a British seaman and of terrific size, appeared another Lord. 'Twas odd enough, he was another offspring of a naval hero, but never was *son of Adam*, more unlike his sire, except in a huge size and in a *pure* Scotch dialect. His elderly wife accompanied him, and seemed to stick to his skirts more than he could wish. It was Lord D—— famed for hospitality, but for nothing else. Nature never destined him for a peer, but his father's laurels serve him to *sleep* upon. The senate and the drawing-room seem equally ill calculated for him to shine in. What a pity! that he should not have chosen the main deck for "his field of fight;" for it is piteous to see these groveling descendants of departed warriors.

A silly

A silly lordling, a ruined rake, or a prosing money-loving parson, are bad representatives of our sovereigns of the deep—are sad comparative pictures of departed valour. What a strange contrast it forms to see, in a newspaper, that a Right Honourable and renowned nobleman, the brother of the naval lion, preached a charity sermon at such a place, and contributed a seven-shilling piece himself; or that the late Lord D—— fought so many battles, took so many ships of the line, cut out so many vessels from under the enemy's batteries, killing and taking prisoners, we will say for example, four thousand men, whilst his son and successor, in *one season*, shot forty brace of birds, and, aided by his friends and domestics, devoured in the same period, *four hundred head of poultry*. Yet this last fact stands on record. At his seat in Scotland, it was a family boast, and was considered by the Right Honourable host as a *feather* in his cap, on

which he and his cook *plumed* themselves not a little.

Superbly habited as Night, we next beheld a ci-devant Vice-Queen. She was known to all of us, so that we did not question each other on this fair subject. Grand-mothers are quite in fashion, so that her being so matters not. The crescent on her forehead was thought strikingly emblematical; the stars, which glittered on her sable mantle, formed a happy contrast; her silver veil bespoke the mystery of her adventures; her cestus reminded one of Venus, whom she imitates in *all points*. It was judicious to chuse this garb; for she is a candle-light beauty. Night is her hour; and, in the language of Moore,

"'Tis then her bright attractions glowing,
"Set the tides and goblets flowing."

No

No one blazes at the midnight revel more transcendently than her Grace; but at the approach of day, it is doubtful whether the "Oh! stay," would exactly hang on the admiring lip. Extensive scandal as to a multiplicity of young lovers, as to a certain Marquess's broken vows, as to her amatory proceedings at her son's hunting-seat were afloat. She was taxed with being a Queen of Vice whilst a Vice-Queen. Aides-de-camp and Knights of St. George, orgies, and midnight gambols now out of date, were whispered in her ear; but she bore it all patiently, and pleaded not guilty to everry charge. She too recriminated certain characters in turn; and, let her enemies say what they will, is not the lovely ruin of a stately edifice more envied than blamed, more sinned against than sinning.

CHAPTER XI.

MORE MASKS.

A Sir John Falstaff now passed by us, with Mrs. Ford and sweet Ann Page on either hand. The ladies were Irish beauties, not the two little guns, but something in the *cannon* law way. If the *report* be true, the one a Bishop's lady, the other a pretty sister. The Knight's costume was perfect, and some exclaimed Stephen Kemble! but he was recognized by our friend for Massy O'Daw, no relation to our Jack Daws of Bond-street, but a very *port*-ly thumping Irish gentleman, well known in the fashionable world for feasting half the town, and for giving the most splendid, the most expensive, and the most savoury repasts. By these, and his general and generous hospitality, he has reduced

duced, *not* his corpulence but his fortune, and has, doubtless, been deserted by his *trencher* companions and soi disant friends, his sunshine flatterers, and his hired minions.

He has, however, not *grown* out of notice; for, when landing on the French coast, he frightened all the fish on shore, and the fisherwomen exclaimed, "Qu'il est enorme!" he filled a whole boat in coming from the packet, and a wheelbarrow was proposed to carry his projecting stomach and viscera up to the hotel. Many questions were asked as to who he was. At last a Frenchman informed the astounded inquirers, "Que c'est un mi lord Anglais qui a *mangé* tout son bien." "Ventre bleu! je le crois bien," replied a bye-stander: "Ce papa la, mangera bien le diable." He took all this very good naturedly, allowed them to charge him *double* for every thing, and convinced the

inn-keeper, to his great satisfaction, qu'il ne mange pas *sans boire.*

"Thou art a Galilean!" cried our friend to an Irish domino, whose tongue betrayed him, and who evinced his origin from the county of Galway. This was a certain Mr. B——, of newspaper notoriety, who violated the laws of hospitality, and who treated the object of his passion most unceremoniously. His trial has for ever dishonoured the morality of his country, and its disclosures were unfit for a female eye, and much more so for a female pen. His name not Black, but near to it, deserves to be *roasted,* but never *toasted,* and accordingly we all set upon him most unmercifully. His answers bespoke, what one might naturally look for, unfeelingness, and unprincipled habits. The frail females of Erin ought to beware of such characters; and the sporting gentlemen of the Curragh, should

should look to their heads, and shun sporting wives such as Mr. B.'s paramour.

Many pleasantries were made on the female jockey Mrs. B— , for in changing her partner she changed not her letter, for transacting her husband's sporting concerns for him. A publication thus speaks in conclusion of this same Mr. B——'s affair. "The lax habits of Mr. B——'s house, and the hunting system, do not, however, warrant the *unsportsman-like* trespass of Mr. ——, nor was it fair, whilst her husband was hunting, to *make game* of him at home, and whilst he was chacing the fox, to poach upon his manor by stealing his *dear*." Further comment on this gentleman is unnecessary, and it is to be hoped that such an original will never be copied in civilized and well-regulated circles.

"What's come of your wives?" cried a wag to

a lame man in a fancy dress. (No answer.) "Come, come, Mr. —— Bigam, we know you; you have been so long amongst the *legs* abroad, that you expect to hop off unnoticed, and *scot*-free; but you may remember that you did not escape thus from your Scotch wife. They permit no playing of conjugal tricks there with impunity. That *vestal* virgin, the mad and masculine *Jackey*, noosed you like a gudgeon, and hooked you like a *flat* fish as you are. So you thought to pop over from the Continent to see what o'clock it was, unmolested by creditors and unnoticed by your acquaintance, and without troubling your English wife, who finds that she has got no *great catch* by her angling for a husband."

This and much more was said to torment this ruined commoner, who looks forward to being another most extraordinary Lord. What is mortifying in this hero's fate is, that with every polygamical inclination

inclination, neither of his present wives seems to claim him, and it would not be quite safe to try a third. His male companions call him a fool; his female acquaintances a harsher term. He is, however, much inquired after in town. What is most to be regretted is, that although he is at present consigned to exile and to contempt, his future fortune and title seem destined for a bold insane; and he has, by allying himself to another partner, made an amiable woman unhappy, and rendered himself odious to womankind.

I was now accosted by a strange thing habited as a Knight, befeathered, and as tawdry as gold lace and numerous ornaments could make him. He had, at first, the advantage of me; but his trifling manner soon betrayed him. *It* was Sir James Windy Vapour, of Air Hall, Baronet, the second of his race. By the bye I forgot, it is de Vapour, the *de* being a very

important part of his name, though very lately assumed. His poor vain father used to *vapour* about at Bath, at Brighton, at home and abroad, without the *de*, which he afterwards assumed in addition and improvement. The father was always considered as a mere vapour, although accomplished and a man of the world. If so, what must his son be, who has not his sire's good personal appearance; but who has been crossed in the breed, by a pale sickly mother? Why he is like the mere exhalation of that vapour; not the bubble, but its thin, aqueous, flimsy substance when burst and dissipated.

I never think of this important *de* Vapour, but it puts me in mind of poor Miss D'Arcy or De Arcy as she called herself. After engrossing the attention of a gentleman, her neighbour, at table, for a considerable time, in detailing the consequence of her family, its antiquity, influence, nobility, and foreign origin, she

she begged leave to call his notice, most particularly, to the *de*, which particularized her from any vulgar Darcy who might pretend to belong to that noble stock. "Mark the De, Sir," said she: "that De is every thing; it makes us what we are. D'Arcy is but an abreviation. We ought to be called De Arcy. The De is very important indeed: there is a great deal in a De." To which the gentleman coolly replied, "Then Miss D-Arcy, I'll trouble you for some D-umpling;" at which the poor lady was perfectly furious.

A very attractive quadrille now amused us for a short time, when a grey haired Adonis attracted our attention. "Who on earth is that?" said I, "in the habit of Adonis, with grey hair peeping under his false ringlets?" "That is a Colonel Loseille, a very grave, solemn seducer, a systematic rake, a veteran libertine. This gentleman is just come from among

among the Hottentots, who, soit dit en passant, must be in the rapid road to refinement, since a Somerset has taught them horse-racing, the late Tom Sheridan has inspired them with wit and humour, and the *worthy* Colonel has shewn them examples of gallantry, and taught them the fashion of crim. con. notoriety.

"The Colonel was on the Staff, and in that situation afforded his patronage and protection to a certain officer, who was highly flattered at such attention. The Colonel then kindly patronized his wife; an intimacy of all three succeeded; but the lady found it necessary to come to England; the Colonel judiciously chose the same opportunity; and he assured his friend that his military advancement should be a main object of his, the Colonel's, visit to London. The lady and the Colonel continued the closest and the strictest friendship until a fatal disclosure

closure brought the whole matter to public view. Colonel L——'s delegating his friend, Colonel S——, to take care of the lady, exhibited a most delicate mind, and doubtless (vide the newspapers) Colonel S. must be very proud of this correspondence. These probably may be *Cape* manners; but they furnish no *Good Hope* to married officers going to that station.

"I have often heard that it was an advantage for officers going out to India to be married, and I now conceive the matter more clearly than I did: it is a means, I presume, of recommending them at *head* quarters. These old seducers," continued he, taking his pinch of snuff, "are the coolest fellows in the world; they set down before the object of their passion as they would set down before a town just invested. They complete their parallels as regularly as in a siege, 'till the party surrenders at discretion. Gold sometimes opens the citadel, but surprise is the more

more ordinary plan. Spies are employed in the service; and treachery is never wanting. So that these experienced leaders have established a complete system, which they study with more zeal and effect than mathematics and fortification in all their various branches and bearings. Sir E. B. boldly advertises for his mistresses, under the name of governesses, and puts poor Ridgway to the expense of contradicting the reference to his house, to save his character."

Lord Simplex passed next in review, the ghost of a poor stubborn Scotch peer, fond of chemistry, and of every sense but common sense. "When I was a boy," observed our guardsman, "I remember him in our corps; his prospects were then most fair. He was dressy, well looking, had a title, as now, and was a Colonel in the army. He made a bad match. His Lady and he could not agree and they parted; but that was not all; that, you know, is quite common

now

now o' days. He took a stupid, violent and perverse turn in politics; became a violent Gallomaniac, a disciple of the revolutionary school, and a tool to a faction. This gave umbrage to the King, and he had his choice to withdraw from the democratic knot which bound him, or to be dismissed from service. He chose the latter, and has ever since been neglected, cut, degraded and reduced.

"When his friends, the Talents, were in power, his obstinacy prevented him from getting any thing, because, forsooth, he must have his army rank restored to him. The moment went by; and he is still unprovided for. Poverty is no friend to love, and it is generally thought that "when poverty knocks at the door, love flies out of the window." Not so, however, with this Scottish peer, for "when want came in at his door, love also came in at his window." In the wanderings, which want of money

and

and want of employment produce, the worthy peer grew enamoured of a married lady: and, in imitation of richer lords, he got into the newspapers, in a trial for crim. con. The damages are indeed nominal; but still this is heaping scrape on scrape.

"His Lordship, in his chemical experiments, has doubtless learned the principles of attraction; but these chemical attractions seldom make a man's fortune. Very unlike his countrymen in general, he has not kept the main chance in view; neither has the device of his family seal, which is truly Caledonian, made any *impression* on his mind, nor influenced his conduct; it is a wise and independent maxim, however, namely, "Keep thyself."

"A shabby blue, and buff domino, marks his principles, although he certainly owes less to his party than any one. Poor Lord S.! the King very properly called

called him, when erasing him from the army, "a very simple Lord!"

"When one sees that smart little man," continued our militaire, pointing to a man of moderate stature in a fancy dress, "one may well cry, all is not gold that glitters. Colonel Petitor, for that is his name, has had his day; but, although the sun has set upon his fortunes, and, I might add, upon his respectability, he seems determined to have his evening of life somehow or other. Early in his day, he was a complete Exquisite, dressy, good looking, fond of show, a sunshine Colonel of the —— militia, admitted to the Prince's table, and figuring in the very first circle of fashion. His *name* was well calculated to cut a *shine*, but the sterling, the intrinsic, the weighty, was wanting. The Colonel's levity of character descended to his purse, and all was light about him,—

light

light figure, light morals, light principles, light head, light heart, and—lightest purse.

"With all this sail, and no ballast, he flew through fahion's airy circle, until he fell, and was completely aground. Not even the industrious and laudable efforts of the *Bee-hive*, alluded to, so unpleasantly, at the moment of his insolvency, could patch up his ragged fortune. He was transferred from the army to the *Fleet*, but not to the royal navy; thence to the Bench. He was arrested abroad; persecuted at home; *blackened* in public opinion; but afterwards *white* washed. With the addition of his being a man of very popular manners, some confidence, and of extensive gallantry, you have here an abridgment of his whole character. He did not get his discharge quite easily. But, as the knowing ones say, "he has thrown them over" at last.

Whilst

"Whilst in the rules, he was quite the fashion, had his little circle, and was the model for rulers. Upon my life," concluded he, "I cannot conceive how some fellows get on, much less how they get off. We have a man looked up to to-day, ruined to-night, abroad to-morrow, in the Bench on his return, in the Gazette in three months, and on the town again, brighter than ever. These lads, too, are quite looked up to for advice, as models; are praised for *doing* the profanum vulgus—their creditors, and when their own fortunes are dissipated, they are either *put up*, or they grow so d——ly wordly, that they continue to keep above water, and, generally, to live on the fortunes of others."

A figure, with one arm, now addressed us. He supported the character of a poor sailor inimitably. "Well he may," observed a neighbour: "a braver tar

tar never crossed the ocean. He lost his arm in action, and is, in common with many of our gallant seamen, covered with glory. It had been well for him, however, had he kept off the coast of Kent; then would no *stains* have attached to his character; then would he have steered clear of law and of disgrace. "This, you must know," said the neighbour mask, "is Sir T. ——, a brave man of Kent, and a good seaman; but who, on doubling *Cape Horn*, foundered.

"After a long cruise, he moored himself alongside of a rich banker's wife; they grappled closer and closer. To family ties, for there was cousinship in the case, the ties of affection were added. Mrs. H. was very attractive and very coming; and the Captain's heart was very susceptible and tender. Things went on very quietly for a time, but, at length, a discovery took

took place. The disclosure was most public; and duel, trial, damages, and defeat, all followed. There is one very useful lesson, however, to be learned from this crim. con. affair, namely, to beware how a man keeps an old maiden sister in his house, to be a spy upon his actions; for it was through such a character that the discovery of this intrigue came to light. The elderly spinster's love for virtue was such, that she thought it her duty to watch her brother and his amante; and her value for his reputation took such a singular turn, that she thought it quite proper to expose all its defects, by way of giving good example, and of repaying his fraternal affection, by these secret services.

"Apropos of crim. cons.," exclaimed our friend, "Here comes Lord ——, in a Turkish dress. How eccentric! how self-satisfied! how important? a traveller

veller and an author! These are his pretensions to notoriety, which, however, began in a very different way, many years ago." "How?" inquired I. "I will tell you," said he, "when this Savoyard band has gone by, which is ably represented. I do not know the party at all. Their costume is perfect, and that little woman sings the "A diga Jeanette," in a superior style. One of the bande joyeuse is Mrs. M——, of gallant notoriety, and about whom you shall hear bye and bye; but first we must dissect his Lordship." The party played many *airs* in more ways than one, and one lady sung

La violette se cueille au Printems,

. Laridetto. [bis]

Jeune fillette profitez du tems,

Laridetto,

with inimitable Savoyard accent, and with the shout at the end most spiritedly. When we had got rid of this party

party, our Cicerone commenced afresh; but we will take breath, until next chapter, which shall conclude this splendid and very numerous masquerade.

CHAPTER XII.

The account of Lord ——— was suspended by our being attacked by an Irishman out of place. I believed him to be some professional man; but I never could make him out. He assured us that he could give *himself* a good character, and that was more than most part of his countrymen could do. He had tried every thing; but nothing would succeed with him. First, he tried to make hay whilst the sun shone; but there were so many in the field before them, that, finding nothing *to do*, he was obliged to *go about his business*. Next he got an *outside* place at the Treasury; but the inside passengers kept all to themselves, and the devil a penny fell through their fingers. As a fish-man, he cried *place* for a few days; but the only place he got, was a place in the House of Correction,

Correction, this being deemed a libel on government and on men in *place*. He next plied as a porter; but taking two love letters to their wrong directions, he got a *big baiting*, and was determined to be a letter-carrier no longer. He got a letter of recommendation to Lord Castle——; but being *axed* if he was a *Roman*, and answering "a bit of a one," he was threatened with being hanged, if ever he darkened his Lordship's door again, and, as the whole Habeas Corpus Act was then suspended, they would think very little of suspending his poor insignificant corpus as an example. Next he addressed an humble prayer to a Bishop, begging to be employed as a bricklayer; but his petition beginning with an *humble prayer*, the Bishop took fire at this and read no further than My Lord—on which he had him apprehended as a parodist, and lodged free, gratis, for nothing, in a stone jug. Here he kept Lent, until a good looking cook-wench of the Bishop's came to visit him, having taken the rest of

the prayer to curl her hair with, and, liking his appearance, obtained his liberation, explaining the nature of his petition, on which he was discharged, and the Bishop gave him sixpence. He next tried a footman's place; but he never could tell lies in their right place. He used to let in the duns, and say "not at home" to the favorites; so he got discharged with a month's wages, which he spent in a day, and, being taken up drunk, was committed to the round-house for disorderly behaviour, by a Justice of the Peace who had, himself, not recovered from the effects of a similar indulgence. There he met with so many Honorables and high company, that a subscription was made for him, and he got out as gay as a lark. He now thought of turning author, or tourist, having a great taste for travelling, having once visited *Italy*, as a sailor, and having taken *French* leave on his return, and having also once volunteered his services as a soldier, for a month, and changed his quarters without leave;

leave; but Sir Richard Phillips, the bookseller, asking his name, and being told that it was *Rooney O'Swilther*, told him that the name would damn any book, that a *title* was every thing, and that if it had been *Sir* Rooney O'Swilther, Baronet, or even simple Knight, LL. D. and A. S. S., the book would have sold itself. Rooney d——d the bookseller in turn, and gave up the idea of publishing. He then thought of turning rebel, from hope of being punished by Government, and then pensioned by the opposite party, as a victim of oppression; but he was told that though that trick might do for an Englishman, if an Irishman ventured upon it, he would only get a *free* passage to Botany Bay. He ended by telling us that he had now determined, since he could neither get rewarded for his services, by land or sea, upon presenting himself in person, to Ladies A——m, Gl——l, D——y, Cl——e, and O——, as he was told that they had a great regard for strangers; and that, if that would not do, he

would hang out for a wife; "for I see," said he, "that a prophet is nothing in his own country, since even the great Mr. C—n—g was considered as no great shakes at Newry himself, where the greatest croakers in the country were not attended to." He now left us, run after a fat dowager, and we saw no more of him.

The supper being announced, we proceeded to the splendid saloon. There Lord —— was brought again upon the tapis, in the following brief manner.

Lord —— married early. He espoused a young lady of most noble family, namely, that of C——y, which boasts alliances with many of the crowned heads of Europe, and is nearly allied to that of France. His bride was uncommonly young, rather giddy, and not unattractive. Her lord was, and is,

pro-

profligate in his manners and principles beyond description. He chose, as his most intimate companion, a Mr. G——, as depraved a man as well could be; and the first fruits of this close friendship, was the seduction of his Lordship's wife, before whose very youthful eyes, such example and scenes had passed, as might have depraved any wavering mind. The seduction was known to this *right honorable* peer, and yet did he associate with the paramour.

His views, however, altering, he brought his action at law; but such was his exposure in court, that he had better not have made his appearance,—such scenes of profligacy, such infamous conversations, were proved betwixt the plaintiff and the defendant, as disgusted the most depraved, and might have made the late Sir H. V. T., the orgies of whose house will not easily be forgotten by any one who witnessed them, blush.

This is the author peer, who rambles about the world, full of eccentric bombast, and who sells his *titled* pages to gain a new reputation. Here he is right; for it may be said of him, as of a lady who asserted that she was afraid of losing her character, "Never mind that, you cannot change for a worse, so any change must be for the better."

A Hottentot Venus now sat down beside us. She assured us that she expected to meet with great attentions in town. She had been recommended to the P——; and Lord Whynot told her that his master was very fond of any thing extraordinary.

The Marquess of Spendall, better known as Chairlie D——, sat next me, a good-humoured soul as ever lived. He is married to the very amiable daughter of a very worthy Duke, and has a large family; but the late ruffian Fl—ch—r, and the present sooty-looking

looking Greek, G—— of G——, have hit him very hard. The gloomy savage, the last of a very noble Highland breed, is as dangerous, to such characters as the Marquess, as an old fox is to a flock of geese. His Lordship is too fond of humbug whist, of the bottle, and of horse-racing, and, being too honorable to know any thing of the first and last of these amusements, must inevitably be ruined, if he persist and if he keep such bad company.

A fat, elderly gentleman, multi loquacious, and who speaks very fast, was pointed out to me as the Prince of Valentines. I saw nothing princely about him; and, as for chusing him for a valentine, I should just as soon think of my grandfather. He had lately got married, I was informed, after trying it in vain a dozen of times. He was the greatest hit or miss swain, in this way, ever known, the Dandy-Lion not excepted, who, upon *one* occasion, took the *same* road as the

Prince, and with the *same* success; but this did not discourage the latter. "The Prince of Valentines!" said I, "Who can he be?" "Cannot you guess." "No indeed;" but perhaps the reader may, and I leave it to him or her, to do so.

An honorable General, disguised as an old-clothes-man, was next made the subject of a whisper. Every one wondered how he ventured over the water. It is rumoured that he once made his appearance in England, in a still greater disguise, having travelled through the country in the habit and carriage of a Bishop. Be this as it may, his present dress is no very great disguise; for, when lingering on the French coast, which he haunts, like the ghost of a departed gentleman, he is acknowledged to be the worst dressed Englishman there.

Yet this *evil-eyed*, gloomy, downcast, sullen and wild

wild figure was once a most dashing character in the higher circles, and has contrived to run through an immense property, owing, at this moment, at least one hundred thousand, some say two hundred thousand pounds. The perspective of a title, is his only hope for emerging from an exile for life. In the interim, he forms a small and very humble circle around him; walking, however, generally alone. A good cook seems to be his most lively enjoyment, and his only article of taste is a ragout, a vol au vent, or a fricassé.

Thus do some men sink into nothing, who might have gone through life with eclat. The General, in his time, was not less famous for libertinage and debauchery, than for inordinate expense and epicureanism. He now retains not one trace of fashion in appearance or manners; and, as for a *General*, he is as unlike it as possible, unless he be taken for a dark picture of general disaster or general distress. What

laurels he may have earned, to gain his military rank, are best known to himself and to his cook.

A person in a Hussar dress who knew ——— in the guards, pledged him and fell into conversation with us. He would not unmask, and seemed very anxious to keep his concealment. "I know you," said the guardsman; "but I won't *peach* as they call it." They shook hands; and the Hussar said, "have you any commands over the water? A chaise will take me hence, and catch me who can! you'll allow that I have beat them in the long run, d——n me. But farewell." He seemed the very cream of a coxcomb, took snuff with a most affected grace, was laced like a lady, perfumed like a milliner, and appeared the most unnatural made up thing in the world.

"I think I have seen that thing," said I to our friend. "To be sure," replied he "Do not you recog-

recognize the exiled king of the Dandies, all starch, whalebone, airs, affectation and toilette. It is strange how men get into fashion. This man has done so with a very small fortune, less intellect, no good qualities, and no birth. Sprung from nothing, he has risen, like a poplar tree before a tradesman's villa, and has shot himself into the first society, beginning with the Prince; but immeasurable conceit and impudence has thrown him out of his Royal Highness's good graces, whilst incalculable extravagance, without the prospects of meeting it, has driven him from home, where, wonderful to tell! a circle of silly, yet well known young men have debased themselves, by taking the fashion and receiving their polish from a man of—nothing.

"You have heard me say a few severe things," observed our Cicerone; "but now I must do justice to that young Duke whom you see habited like a noble-

nobleman of the *older* times. He is the relation of the great Marquess of G——y of military renown, and succeeded his father, the Duke of R——, whose intemperance shortened the span of life. But neither his father's Bacchanalian excesses nor his mother's turn for levity and gallantry, have affected him; nor has a princely residence nor a princely fortune dazzled or intoxicated him. He has a most peculiar mildness and equanimity of manners and of temper, a mind above giddiness or depression, a reserved dignity, more the effect of philosophy than of pride, which is very little known in our times. Not seduced by those around him, he adheres to the old notions and practice of morality and decorum; and, on a late very serious and trying event, when a calamity wasted his property and consumed many splendid monuments and articles of family pride, he shewed a piety and resignation truly eminent and very little practised, in his elevated sphere of life.

How

How correctly he is dressed in the costume of Henry the Eighth's day. How much he looks like the nobleman of old, though of so few years. See, he unmasks. He knows he may do it in safety; for he has no fear of being pestered with secret histories or with hearing any reproach to raise a blush."

Many were now moving from table, and the fête was verging to a close. In the general move I perceived many acquaintances, and had general hints about others. The ladies, almost universally, quitted the mask, and there was an active use of the organ of speech. All pressed forward to address Mrs. B. "What a delightful fête! charming upon my honor! I dare say that you have eight hundred people present!" "Eight hundred and thirty-three, Madam!" "How well you look! how much obliged to you we are! indeed you are a dear creature! enchanting music! a most splendid supper! you must be tired? don't

don't you wish us all gone? I dare say you wish us at the devil? you will *pay* for this to-morrow!" (peut-être que non, cried a wag in a whisper.) "Well we must be gone: my love to Lady Mary. Tell the Duke that I found him out. I'll talk to the fancy dress to-morrow;" with a hundred other confused chatterings, now assailed the ear.

"Louisa, don't leave your party. Who is that impudent pilgrim?" "Nobody mama; I don't know him." "I hope you did not tell your name." "No, upon my honor." "Will you be at the play to-morrow night?" "Certainly." "'Tis the Prince's command, "All's well that ends well," and "The follies of a day." Admirable, by Jove. "Come now don't be angry for what I said to you when in character; I was only in fun." Fudge! "Do let us shake hands; I am sure that I would not wound your feelings for all the world." (From a gallant, gay Lothario.) "Will you, lovely

lovely creature, think of me?" "I fear I shall, Sir, too much for my peace of mind." "Do let me put you into your carriage." "Not for empires; my Lord is the greatest tyrant on earth; there, (gives her hand) good night." (The lover.)

"This parting fills me with such pleasing sorrow,
"That I could say good night till 'twere to-
morrow."

Such, such was the confused din about me. Now—exeunt omnes!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE festive scene was now over. It was broad day light, and we were coming home by the rays of the sun. Looking out of the window, Fidelio thus moralized—"It is now day! How differently are the inhabitants of this great metropolis now employed! The votaries of fashion and of pleasure are retiring, relaxed, jaded and sated with entertainment, to their downy pillows, languid, flushed, or fevered; some struck with Cupid's shaft, some mortified and disappointed; whilst the dry, cold, calculating merchant or trader rises cool and collected, and inspects his books, with cautious, calculating eye: and the miser is viewing his strong box alone, with barred door, or lighting his own miserable fire, and preparing to pursue his penurious day's

day's journey, in all the ways of usury and of money-making.

"Here I can see the lover *let out*, and the rake *let in*, by confidential chamber-maid, to change his clothes, tumble his bed, and to appear before the scrutinizing, sober eye of an uncle or of a father. In one quarter of the town, the epicure staggers from his intemperate banquent, and reels to a disgusted wife, or storms his way into some extravagant hotel. In another, the roofless children of sin shudder and take refuge in some opening public house and sleep upon a table, or retire to some place of concealment. The nightly mirauder now flies from the sun's beam; and the dark plunderer at play, lolls in a chair and is conducted home, loaded with booty; whilst distracted victims to that infernal vice, throw themselves on a sleepless bed, or, perhaps, wander through the fields or by a river's side meditating reform, or pondering on the

the commision of suicide. The honest labourer cheerfully trudges to his allotted task, whistling over his day's fatigue, or meditating on his scanty means of supporting her, for whom his task is done.

" Now do our poisoners in wine, in malt, in spirit and in grain begin to mix their drugs. (A cart passed loaded with bones.) That, cried Fidelio, is to be pulverized for flower, sand is to be mixed with our sugar, sloe leaves with our tea, horse beans with our coffee, water with our spirits; but that is not the worst—deleterious matters, of various kinds, are now preparing for our beverage, and yet many of these *honest* tradesmen will call up their families to prayers, and, next Sunday, make a parade of church-going, and blame all mankind except themselves."—The coach had now arrived at the door, and I was glad of it; for I was quite in the blue devils, and I scarcely knew what we should dare to eat or drink

drink on the morrow, after this detail of town tricks.

Fidelio called the next morning. He found a novel on my work-table, and *ventured* to give me a very long lesson upon novel-reading. "When," said he, "a novel is written for the purpose of conveying a moral, just as moral tales, allegories (which by the bye existed in the scriptural era), scenic representations, for the useful end of shewing vice always detected and punished, and virtue always, ultimately, acknowledged and triumphant, it is well enough; but when we see irresistible passions pleaded in excuse for vice, seduction explained in such a way, to young minds, that they rather admire than condemn the seducer, or at best, blame the seduction, but feel an interest for the libertine who is the author of it, then novels and romances are as dangerous as agreeable poisons."

"Pry'thee

"Pry'thee no more of the breweries and distilleries," said I. He looked grave. "There are," resumed he, "so many beautiful works to read, upon every subject,—history, poetry, works of science, travels, foreign and domestic dramatic authors"—He was going on, when Scapegrace, for so I shall call the Eton boy now grown into a man, entered. It was a relief. "And what sort of a novel do you like?" said I to him. "Why," replied he "none of your improbabilities, no romance, no midnight spectres, and one o' clock opening of doors; no *petits tatons*, no footsteps heard, groans shuddered at, echoed clanking of chains, subterraneous confinements, traces of blood, involuntarily ringing of bells; no thunder, lightnings, damp cells, mildewed walls, names written mysteriously, or billets shot from cross-bows; no murders, imprisonments, pilgrimages, confessions; no taking of vows or breaking of oaths,—give me real people with stars for their names, or broad initials, actual

actual scenes and intrigues in life, love-makings and moonlight scenes, serenades and amatory lives, love-letters given and elopements made, such as we meet with every day,—lash me our men in power, and lightly brush the failings of our fair ones, hold up hypocrisy to view, and write me some pretty seductive lines to screen a sister's fault; let gallantry be pardoned, but seduction posted and degraded; (a *nice distinction!* my masters and mistresses all) finally, let the transactions of to-day be masqueraded into a novel, and then the movers in high life will always be gratified. Thus a Lady Mary may be a Seraphina, and her beauty and accomplishments may be so lauded, that every reader will be in love with her; whilst the hoary reprobate will be given to hatred and contempt, and, as Pope said, when describing every thing base and evil,

"To ward, to waters, Chartres and the Devil."

So may we consign a Q——y, a W——e, a L——n, a F———e, a M———l, to degraded graves, and chronicle

chronicle our usurers and ruinners of females, our gazetted Greeks, and our unprincipled nobles in the imperishable hands of infamy." "Bravo!" said my mother; "why I don't despair of seeing you in the house." "If you do," replied he, "I shall cost them something; for, as the Jew says, in his song about matrimony;

"If she want a good man
"She must pay a good *priche*."

"Oh! you reprobate," said I; "and yet you preach!" "Not at all," replied he. "Fidelio, if you please, preaches a little; but I only say what sort of a novel I like. Novels have now come to that pitch, that our great people will be circumspect, lest, in taking up one, he or she be the hero or heroine of the work."

Fidelio looked grave again. He gave me some more good advice about dress, and a hint concerning

Lady

Lady * * * * *, "who is not yet known," said he; "but is not a proper companion for you." He offered to ride out with me; but I declined; and we agreed to meet at Lady M——'s dinner party. He now shook hands and took his leave. If he was my husband or brother he could not be more prosing, or more *safely* solicitous about me; he is too good for me, as Lady H—— said of Lord M——n, and afterwards married a notorious rake, who undervalues her merit, and treats her most unkindly. To be sure she is very plain; but that is not a sin—she does not think herself so, nor did he insinuate such a thing whilst paying his addresses to her.

To return to Fidelio, the more we are acquainted the graver he grows; and this is certainly no improvement. Scapegrace and he went out together; the latter was giving him a piece of advice, which he did

did not take, but, n'import; it was well meant, as will be seen hereafter. Thus closeth this chapter, and I am going to dress for dinner.

CHAPTER XIV.

I HAD a sleepless morning. There is a kind of irritation which follows pleasure and which precludes rest. Confused objects float before our eyes; broken and interrupted sentences dance in the brain; half-formed ideas crowd the imagination; and the little repose which we get, can scarcely be accounted as sleep. Tremors and startings assail weak frames and agitate unstrung nerves; so that I believe it were better to adopt Lord M——'s plan, which is to take a bath, to put on fresh clothes, to take the air in the country, to lie down an hour before dinner, at dressing time, and to put off going to bed until the next day.

What slaves we are to fashion! How hard

should we think such labour and bondage, if endured in another cause. I remember Lord A——y telling me that he once left a masquerade at Ranelagh, which was in high vogue in his day, set off in his travelling carriage, with another gay party, for Paris, travelled thither day and night, and attended a masquerde at the Opera-house there, ere he went to bed. Sir T. W. also accompanied the Prince, from the savoir vivre club to Kempshot, then attended a stag hunt, enjoyed the festive board, and retired to their chambers on the third night. Nay I, myself, made one of the party which met at three balls, breakfasting before we parted, and going to bed from six to seven each morning. The poor belles, on the third day, at dinner, had their eyes nearly closed; all were as pale as death.

No wonder that the artificial bloom of the rose be so necessary to our quality dames; nay, that, as Lady A—d—y

A—d—y says, a pint of wine is absolutely necessary to support the strength and to repair the ravages of visits, and the fatigue of a woman in high life. Fashion, thou art, indeed, a most absolute tyrant! I remember the deaf Bishop giving a terrible jobation to me one day.—"I never see you at church on a Sunday," said he. "I would go," replied I, "but I am never up in time; I hate to enter in the middle of a sermon; and how can one be ready by eleven o'clock, when one never gets to bed till between three and four?" "That only makes your peccability the greater," said the Right Reverend, "by commencing the Sunday in immoral dissipation, and by concluding it in an unpardonable laziness. A pretty example you set for your servants! No wonder at the depravity of the lower orders."

As I lay sleepless, or dozing over a cup of chocolate, at a late hour, the groups of masks still

passed before my view. I was in a kind of waking dream, and could not help thinking how lucky I was, to have no duty, no occupations to fulfil, as I certainly was incapable of the task. The wife and the mother, the mistress of a family, must therefore have more to answer for than I: that is one consolation.

Amongst the groups I saw Exquisite Lord Al——y, pressing his importunities in a certain quarter; Lord Y——, discoverable by his blushing whiskers on an unblushing face, using the utmost latitude which the mask can give, to free speech, and to freeer thought; the handsome Lord E——l captivating so many fair ones; the irresistible Anna Boleyne slaying hearts on all sides; old Lady G—— playing off youth safely under the disguise of the domino, and the skeleton Duke of G—— sporting youthful fancy under the folds of his robe, and the more numerous wrinkles of his countenance, hidden by the dubious mask; Sir

Wm.

Wm. M——, who was soon discovered, and whose vermin-pye and litigious disposition will long be remembered in his neighbourhood; Lord C. who has passed through every vicissitude of life, and has at last brought up, with a wet sail, as he calls it, the intriguing Mrs. M——rs, the witty George C——n *out of the rules*, the admirable unknown Irishman, and the affected Exquisite B——w N——h, habited as a figure-dancer.

Then Fidelio travelled into my thoughts,—his assiduous care and attention, the friendship, grown into habit, existing between us, his general good character, but, at the same time, his moralizing, his prosing, his coldness, his stiff propriety, and, above all, his never aspiring to any thing beyond the friend. What strange compounds are women! I believe, if he had proposed for my hand, I should have rejected him; yet I was mortified, in the extreme, at his not doing so. I felt much more tenderly when he was wounded,

but I was more indifferent now. The masquerade, now, again, disturbed my brain. I do really think that this kind of entertainment must be very dangerous to a very young mind.

Apropos, how ridiculous some of the party looked, at coming away; grave friars and skipping harlequins, nuns and columbines, jumping into their coaches, chariots, and vis-à-vis, determined still to remain incog. which resolution, by the bye, was rendered unavailing by beaux and belles bribing the footmen, and so discovering their names, or, by want of foresight, in coming in their own carriages, the arms of which told all. No bad hint for a novice! The figure dancers, flower girls, characters, or stupid dominos hand-barrowed, half dozing, off in their chairs, whilst enquiring spies listened to the address!—to Portland-place, to Pall-mall, to Harley-street, to the square, or *home*. Where is home? The adventurous

beau

beau follows. He has nothing to do; he is bent on mischief.

The undressed masqueraders were not less ridiculous. Pale or flushed faces, paint, run down the cheek, disshevelled locks, &c. disfigured these; whilst a few very youthful, daring bucks, preferred walking home with their Opera-hats on one ear, and all the appearance of reprobacy in their dress and in their deportment. Some hustled the superannuated guardian of the night, who was just locking up his box, and retiring from his post. Some danced along St. James's-street, some waltzed in the square, others broke lamps in Bond-street, whilst a small knot set out on a serenading party. Many, I am told, reached not their homes, being committed to the watch-house; but instead of being ashamed of the transaction, these quality ruffians made a boast of it, the next day, in the Park, and laughed immoderately at this finish.

I heard the Honorable Mr. A——y say to a friend, "I say Baronet, let us have a *lark*." I asked our Scapegrace next day what this meant? He told me that it was a term in low life, for kicking up a *row*, as he called it, at break of day; it being the short term for *sky-larking*. The Honorable is a sailor, and this, I presume, is a gun-room joke. I now rung my bell, and was tired both of myself, and of being haunted by the masquerade.

CHAPTER XV.

Lord Caustic is about fifty, never married. He enjoys a good fortune, of which he makes the most. His boast is, that he was never taken in. Law-suits for trespass, for poaching, pounding cattle, distraining for debt, and raising his tenants' rents, give him notoriety in the country; laying out his money to advantage in mortgages, in good bargains, and in improving his property, signalize him in town. The care of his health is his favorite occupation; scandal his only amusement. Selfish in the extreme, he undervalues the prosperity, and laughs at the adversity of all around him; and thus he glides through life. I have known him for ten years, and never heard him speak well of any body. This may account for what

follows, the manner of which is most provoking, and which is peculiarly and distinctly his.

I named Lady Mary Mortimer with regard. She was present at the dinner, where we had met him, is highly accomplished, and I asked his opinion of her. "A very accomplished woman," replied he, "but what the devil she has been doing of late, I cannot conceive. She looks as pale as ashes, and disordered, as if caught by surprise in some illicit act. I'll bet a rouleau that she is in love with your Exquisite-guardsman, and that he won't have her, *et pour cause.*" Here he laughed ill naturedly. "Oh! for shame," said I. "You'll see, you'll see, with all your charity! What a figure Mrs. Knowles was," continued he. "She's a good natured Devil; but, upon my soul, it is time that her husband should come home, else she'll not look quite orthodox, or she must get Doctor T—

and

and then, perhaps, she will be pronounced dropsical." "Shame," cried Fidelio, in an indignant tone.

"A very agreeable man, that Captain of the Navy, with his arm in a sling." "Oh! the Honorable ——," replied he. "Yes, very," but with a grin in form of a smile. "I black balled him at the club the other day, because *we* do not like him, I do not precisely know for why; but he speaks ungentlemanly loud, as all sailors do, and is captious at cards, which renders him an unsafe companion. Indeed, I would as soon sit down in company with my butcher, as with these fire-eating fellows; they should always be kept in their own element. I detest your boasting, fighting fellows, in civil society; your tellers of battles, and your egotists, as if the Gazette did not let us know all their feats. Fellows with loud voices are also my aversion." Fidelio eyed him with marked contempt.

At

At this moment, a light mail and four passed us. "There," cried his Lordship; "don't look at that young ideot; he is the son of a tallow-chandler; but, because he has got money, he thinks that he can purchase fashion; and because he can drive four horses, awkwardly enough, he concludes that every admiring eye is on the offspring of soap and candles. The world is strangely turned upside down! the descendants of snuff-shop-men rise in the army; mould candles aspire to the blaze of fashion; and a tailor in Bond Street has purchased the late Sir Henry G——s estate in Buckinghamshire. Men of title dine with their attornies; and Royal Dukes with newspaper editors lately traders; and ruined men of family, even Dukes, make arm companions of their money lenders."

Here a person rode by him. "Good morning, my Lord," said he; then turning to us, "that is poor B——d

B——d the Duke's son. What a simpleton! he won a little money in Bennet Street, (where to be sure it seldom happens that any one, not of the firm, does win) and he thinks himself the cleverest fellow in the world; but what brains could be expected from such a breed!" Here Fidelio played the old, stale trick of taking out his watch and showing it to me. We both pretended to be surprized at the lateness of the hour, and so rode off from the peer, leaving our characters behind us, to be mangled and misrepresented to the next comer.

On our arrival at home, we found my mother in tears. She had just received a note from Lady M. who had been arrested and carried away to prison. She had, incautiously, loaded the bailiff and the attorney with terms of contempt and hatred; and they had confined her in a most unmanly, unceremonious manner in the interior of a prison, without waiting for the arrival of any

any of her friends. She had written to my mother to come and relieve her, but who, not understanding any of these matters, was frightened to death. The faithful Fidelio offered his services; and, accompanied by Mr. Harman of Jermyn Street, his lawyer, went to her assistance. Her situation was wretched; her fortitude had forsaken her, and she was more dead than alive. Luckily, however, she was only taken in execution, I believe they call it, for three hundred pounds. It was now past six o' clock, and she expected claims for thousands to arrive the next day.

Fidelio paid the money; and, after placing her in a place of safety, namely our Cottage on the banks of the Thames, he returned and reported progress to us. What a heart! He said that he could spare the three hundred; but we must save the Lady. A consultation immediately took place, and we agreed

to

to get her off to France. Fidelio volunteered to accompany her to Dover. We put four horses to our travelling carriage, and sent it for her; getting then off, without loss of time. Fidelio hired a packet for her, and saw her under way. He returned at night himself, and presented himself, with the glad tidings, at our breakfast-table. My mother furnished the money to convey her over, and it was agreed that Mr. Harman should go, the next day, to her house, to make the most of her valuables, to pay some urgent and discreditable claims, and to remit the balance to her.

We heartily shook hands with this faithful Knight; and we gossiped so long, after breakfast, that the clock struck one ere our cloth was removed, when a thundering knock announced a visitor and, as we expected, a lawyer on this business. We had not taken the precaution to say not at home, as usual.

The

The unwelcome visitor was Lord Caustic. "I am very sorry to tell you," said he, with a malignant smile, "that your friend, (naming the word *friend* emphatically) Lady M. is now in jail for debt. I knew it would come to this. All the town is in an uproar about her; and it is supposed that she never can get out. Lady G—— told me of it. She is actually in prison and very badly off indeed; but it is in vain to attempt to offer her relief, if one were so inclined, so extensive are her debts, poor devil! I really am sorry for her, although I foresaw her end."

"Are you quite sure, my Lord (strongly accenting the word *quite)* that she *actually is* in prison?" "Oh! yes in a common jail; cannot find bail; the action is not bailable; and she chose, womanlike, I beg your pardon, to fly in a passion and to abuse the sheriff's officer, else might she be better lodged." "Then allow me to tell your Lordship,"

replied

replied Fidelio, " that she is *not* in prison." " What," cried Lord Caustic, " do you negative my assertion?" On occular demonstration a few hours ago, when I saw her sail for France, I certainly do my Lord. Take it as you please." " That alters the case," said the Peer; but, upon my word, Sir, you seem to be very warm on the subject, and (in a lower tone) to lose your temper a little, which the case did not require." " As to being warm on the subject, your Lordship's remark is just. My losing my temper depends much on you; but I shall certainly not testify that feeling here."

Lord Caustic looked piqued. " I'm sorry that so much has already been said on the subject," cried he, " for the Lady is not worth half the discussion." Then turning to my mother and changing the topic, " I fear that I have intruded on your time too long! but I thought to *break* the matter to you, lest

you

you should hear worse reports; for such there are abroad." Then bowing to us all round, he took his leave, despised and hated by all present.

The scene at her town house was dreadful. All was confusion; every thing was seized. To her butler, she owed one thousand pounds; to her confectioner, five hundred; a very large sum to Brunet; and *even* fifty pounds to her laundress. Nothing could be secured, not even by the abilities of Mr. Harman; the wreck was general. Thus ended Lady M——, destined to pass her life abroad. A woman of cunning, of economy and of temperance, twice well married, and having established her first family advantageously in life! Yet all abandoned her in the hour of trial. A wish to shine in the first circles, a speculative turn, the conceit that she should be, a third time well married, confidence in her own head and immeasurable ambition, have ruined her. Thus

it

it is with many. What thousands there are, who would be respectable upon their small fortunes, who by aping the first circle, fall entirely! How many too, who, from obstinately keeping high company, from which they might, at any time, withdraw, persist in their pleasures and expenses, until a prison or some disgraceful end tears them from their eminence, and sinks them, never to rise again.

CHAPTER XVI.

Fidelio, as usual, accompanied me in my morning's excursion. He had become one of the family; and, it was said, as in the case of a fat little foreign Countess, of spurious British growth, that we *must* be married, and, by some, that we were secretly married. He came to dinner, and met young Scapegrace. We were a kind of family party, and we did not leave the gentlemen above half an hour.

At coffee, we got upon general subjects; but poor Lady M—— was uppermost in our thoughts. The late Sir N. D. whose corpse was arrested, was quoted as an example of hospitality, and of the ingratitude and ardour of friends. Lord and Lady A——, twenty years fugitives from place to place, although pro-

tected in person, were brought upon the tapis. Poor Lady H——n, whose burial almost seemed uncertain, for want of property, in her last moments; the worthless and extravagant Tom C——y, born of a noble race, but who expired in a prison; the Honorable General, who looked like a reproach to men of fashion on the opposite coast, as also lame D——, both of whom had slipped over, came in turn of conversation, not forgetting an Honourable Miss, who married in prison, in order to saddle her husband with her debts.

We fell upon miseries, the reverses of fortune, and ruined families, difficulties so prevalent in high life! Each told his or her story. In short, every one named some illustrious victim. Each moralized, although, not, perchance, the more prudent in practice. At length Fidelio, after naming the King of Corsica,

who

who expired in a debtor's cell, and his son Frederick, well known by the name of Colonel Frederick, who shot himself on account of pecuniary embarrassments which turned his brain, recounted to us the history of the unfortunate Countess of P——, a well attested fact; but the bearings of which are not generally known. She was confined in the very miserable room, or rather cell, to which our friend was conducted, on account of her attack on those disgraces to society, namely, men who feed on their fellow men, in the form of bailiffs, whilst any other mode of living in the world is open to them. Hangmen, bailiffs, and informers, are necessary; so is poison, as I am told, in certain medicines, in order to eradicate deadly diseases; but the nausea arising from both of these compounds, is not the less revolting. The human heart does not the less recoil at blood, poison, and a bailiff, because the spilling of the former, and the making use

of

of the latter, may be necessary in desperate cases. The leech, too, is useful in its way; but its appearance is loathsome, its office is disgusting; when performed, you sicken at the very sight of it, and hope never to see it more. So is it with the cruel reptiles in question, with all blood-suckers and man hunters, be they adders, blood-hounds, bailiffs, or *even* certain attornies. The sufferings of poor Lady M—— have taught me this lesson. The subsequent plunder of the wreck of her property, together with the threats and execrations of her persecutors, for the escape of their victim. But let us come to the poor foreigner's history!

The reader will, I am sure, pardon this digression. It contains an useful lesson, is no ways coloured by fancy, but the exact fact, as it occurred. It shows what misfortune and misconduct, united, can produce

produce to the most illustrious as well as to the most humble of us. I shall therefore enter upon the subject, and give it verbatim in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

"ONE of the greatest nobles of the court of the king of Poland, who was also Palatine of M. had married a lady of family, equal to his own in every respect. The husband, who was some years older than the lady, bestowed on her all the attentions usual in such cases; and as he was the absolute choice of herself, he considered her affections entirely his. In the course of the first four years, they had three children, two sons and one daughter. When the eldest son had attained the age of twenty-one, he was appointed Grand Marshal of the Dutchy of L., a post of the greatest power and honour. About this period the old Count began to perceive that his lady totally changed her former habits, which, from having been always as domestic as the nature of their rank and circumstances allowed,

now began to take a turn to play, dissipation, and a continual round of nocturnal visits, very unseemly to his or her age. He at first gave way to this; but, finding it increase, he began to expostulate and point out the ridicule they, who had ever maintained their state with propriety and dignity, would infallibly draw on themselves by such conduct, only befitting the young and unthinking. Finding his remonstrances of no avail, he more seriously pointed out the impropriety of this apparent levity, and the bad example it gave to his daughter. This not having the desired effect, he determined to remove his family from the city, where the Court was, and to retire to his chateau.

On hearing this resolve of her husband's, the Countess used her utmost endeavours to dissuade him from it, or at least to make him leave her; but nothing he could advance could make him change his firm reso-

resolutions, except her sacred promise to return to their honorable mode of rational living; and, as she would not condescend to this, the Count, her husband, gave orders that every preparation should be made for their departure on the fourth day, before the expiration of which, the Lady Countess was seized with a well feigned illness, and, having contrived to bribe the medical attendants, who were called in upon the occasion, the husband, who really loved his lady, was easily led to believe the well executed deception, and recalled his orders for his journey. Using every means, by himself and others, to restore his wife to health, and scarcely ever quitting the sick chamber, as he conceived he might have been too harsh in some of his remonstrances on his Lady's conduct, they came to a mutual agreement, that she should be allowed two days in the week to act agreeably to her inclinations—that is, in seeing the parties she had lately been accustomed to see at their houses, and receiving at her

own, the other days, such as had formed their elegant and social parties for so many years. This convention, drawn from the affection of her husband, caused the malady of the Countess to vanish, as soon as appearances would allow, and, in a few days more, they entered on their new-formed system of menage.

For a few weeks all went on well; but restraint only urged to encroachment, and as, in that country as well as in all others, friendly advice is given gratis, and even with avidity, when it tends to destroy the happiness of a family, by making levity the basis of it, so our Countess found it instilled into her mind, by the licentious of both sexes, and from some trifling innovations of the contract between herself and her husband, in the beginning, which he, from affection overlooked, the whole tenor of her conduct became more dissipated than before; so that the Count, too late, found his error in having conceded in the first instance.

stance. Determined now to adopt a different and more decisive mode of acting, he, without acquainting his lady, made every preparation for leaving town, as he had at first intended; and, not until all was ready he informed the Countess the carriage was at the door, and insisted on her immediately accompanying him into the country. Judge the lady's amazement at such a procedure and command, which, however, was given in a manner to preclude all evasion. She was most unwillingly led to the equipage, which instantly drove off, accompanied by all those the Count thought proper to accompany them; the remaining part of the household having been sent to the country residence before the Countess had risen. So well had all the precautions been taken, that only one servant was left at the town-house, thereby precluding all possibility of a return without his knowledge.

During the journey, and for some days after

reaching the chateau, the Countess felt her mortification, and showed it by a sullen behaviour, which the Count endeavoured to do away by every possible attention. For this purpose he invited all the surrounding gentry, who had, immediately on his arrival, called to pay their devoirs, to entertainments which he intended to give, in order to divert his lady. A constant round of this, although perfectly agreeable to the latter, was not consistent with the happiness or constitution of her lord; and he could not help lamenting the extraordinary folly of his wife, who here, as in the metropolis, soon formed parties congenial to her ideas of comfort, and turned night into day. These parties, when at home or abroad, he always retired from about eleven o'clock, constantly taking his daughter away with him, to prevent, as much as possible, the corruption of her manners, which ran too much risk in such societies. At length the absence of the Countess so much from her home, awakened ideas in the Count's

mind which had not before entered there; and he observed that the love of admiration was a ruling passion with his lady. Although turned of forty, she was still a lovely and elegant woman; and, though he was assured in his own mind, of her honor and rectitude, towards himself, yet he could not help fearing that the flattery and incense so lavishly bestowed on her by the volatile and insignificant butterflies of the day, might eventually undermine it.

He therefore took a decided resolution to travel, and, by removing her from any stationary vice, he derived the hope of totally removing her from it. This, he was not, however, capable of putting into execution, by his lady's positive refusal to remove any where, except to the metropolis; so that he was compelled to abandon this project, which he had intended merely to correct the ruin of the health and character of one

so beloved. The enormous sums of money lost by his wife, however ample his fortune, also caused him much pain, as it eventually decreased the fortunes of his younger children; but nothing preyed upon his spirits equal to the ridicule such conduct brought upon him among the thinking part of his long acquaintances, some of whom went so far as to hint that incarceration was the only chance he had of reforming what they termed, and with some degree of reason, a mental derangement in his lady. This, however well intended by his sincere friends, was a step revolting to the affection he had for his misguided wife; and he yet strove, by gentle remonstrances, at such periods as brought them to a tête-a-tête, which was not often the case, to point out the scandal she brought on herself, and which, consequently, he must share. But all this was to no purpose. She positively declared that, so long as her health permitted, she would enjoy the noble fortune they

they possessed; and that, so long as she had the consciousness of acting as became her relative situation, she would not be thwarted in her pleasure.

On this determination of the Countess, which nothing but violence on his part, he saw, would counteract, he determined on a meeting of his and her relatives, in order to discuss her conduct, so that any resolution he might come to, should not cause a rupture between two such powerful families; well knowing that feuds of that nature were but too common in his unhappy country, and which feuds, he saw, would eventually be its overthrow, as actually was the case. At this meeting the Count, with most heartfelt grief, pointed out the rise and progress of his lady's levity of conduct in so manly and honorable a manner, as to gain the applause and commiseration of the whole party; and he finally made known to them his resolution of causing a deed of separation to be made, by

which his lady should be amply provided for, and left at liberty to act as she thought proper, and reside where she pleased, except in any of his houses, which he considered the future property of his son, who should not be deprived of any of his rights, by the unaccountable conduct of his mother. With this determination, judged prudent by all present, the meeting broke up in perfect amity, a circumstance very rare in Poland; and the Count soon after gave instruction to his man of business to prepare the necessary papers, in which it was specially noted, that the cause of this separation was not from any dishonorable stain on the part of the lady, but from circumstances which rendered it absolutely necessary, and a counterpart of this it was intended the lady should have, that she might, at all times she thought proper, silence the calumny which frequently attends circumstances of this nature, and not unfrequently well merited.

As

As soon as these intruments were perfected, the Count invited the two nearest male relatives of himself and lady to meet him, at a given time, at his chateau, where his lady then was. These came accordingly; and, the moring after their arrival, as soon as the repast was over, the Count requested his lady would favour him and their two friends with her company in the library, which was in an adjoining room. On coming into this apartment, her own relation had the unpleasant office of reading over the deed of separation from her lord, and his munificent yearly allowance of ten thousand ducats, to be paid by quarterly instalments to her order, wherever she might be, with an advance of a thousand ducats for her immediate purposes, not included in the annuity, for the first quarter of which she might instantly draw.

During this ceremony, the lady was much agitated, but more from surprise than any other sentiment;

ment; and, on its conclusion, without uttering one sentence, she made a low reverence and left the room, retiring to her own chambers, where, giving way to reflection, its conclusion was most erroneous; for by it, she conceived herself most scandalously ill treated, insomuch as to determine her not to supplicate her husband, but instantly to leave the chateau and retire to one of her friends, who of course confirmed her in her mode of conduct, and told her that she had acted like a woman of spirit in not brooking the authority, whim and caprice of an old, ill-tempered husband, who, however, it must be allowed, had some merit in having given her the means of supporting her rank. But indeed even that was depreciated, by the observation that as she would continue to bear his name, it was done more for pride than any consideration of herself. Thus confirmed in her ill-judged conduct, she sent to the chateau for her clothes and necessaries; and to this the Count added

all

all her jewels, not only such as were really her own, but all those he had from time to time given her since their union.

To express the heart-rent feelings of this good man is beyond the power of language. It is for those who have ever experienced similar disaster only to know its extent. As soon as every thing belonging to his deluded lady had left the chateau, he gave orders for his travelling equipage to be in readiness at break of day, in which he came to W———, to complete the further intention he had resolved on, which was to resign all his employments at court and in the army; for which purpose he repaired to his sovereign and requested permission to do so. The monarch, who was goodness and amiability personified, being greatly struck at the request of his old and tried faithful servant, demanded the cause of so strange a wish; and, on hearing the whole of the Count's

Count's mournful narrative, he could only condole with him on the [illegible] of his wife's unaccountable conduct, and make him every offer, which his good heart dictated, to induce him to retain the situations he had so long enjoyed. The Count, however, remained firm in his determination, and concluded by telling his gracious master his further intention of immediately entering the church, and passing the few remaining years of his life in the service of his God. This he effected as soon as possible; and the king, on learning his absolute entry into the church, instantly sent him the highest ecclesiastical preferment then vacant, which was the Bishopric of ———, with the assurance of translating him to the supreme ecclesiastical dignity, should it become vacant.

In the course of two years from this period, he became the primate of his country, in which station, in the strict service of his maker, and in doing

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all the good in his power, this nobleman passed the remainder of his life, which ended only the first day of the year which terminated the monarchy of his unhappy country amidst anarchy and confusion. I am sorry to add, this last event owed much of its completion to the treachery and disloyalty of his second son, Ig———, who by the revolution, and the horrible assassination of his elder brother, together with his countess, youngest daughter and two sons, were destroyed by the sanguinary orders of the leader of the troops. These troops overwhelmed the little patriotic band in the suburbs of the capital, and thereby overturned the monarchy and made its sovereign prisoner; first sending the royal captive to G——, and afterwards to his mistress's seat of empire, where this lamented and most amiable sovereign died in about one year from his dethronement, in the shadow of royalty it is true, but in fact a prisoner. Whether this death was premature or the decree

decree of fate has never been clearly known to the world. Be this as it may, there never lived a monarch who deserved more the gratitude of his country or of individuals in general. His country has ever since felt the loss of him, and, as a punishment for the treachery of the most powerful parties in it, has also lost its rank in the balance of power, and is swept away from among the sovereignties of Europe.

Having followed the Count to the finale of his earthly career, we will now see what became of his lady. As soon as she had received all belonging to her from the chateau, she, without even troubling herself about her amiable daughter, prepared to quit that neighbourhood in which her new circumstances precluded the ostentatious state she had ever been accustomed to, and repaired to W——, where, on her arrival, she sent to her uncle who was her father's brother, and the now representative of this illustrious family,

family, to crave that he would admit her to an interview. This nobleman had been one of those called together by her husband as before observed, and he was consequently thoroughly satisfied of her misconduct. He most peremptorily refused seeing her, a mode of conduct which was adopted by all her relatives both male and female.

Now she too late perceived how erroneously she had conducted herself towards her indulgent husband; and, had not pride stepped in, she would have endeavoured to have brought about a reconciliation with him; but, as one error is most commonly followed by another, she determined on braving the worst, and resolved to enjoy the freedom she had obtained. She determined, however, to leave the country, in which she had been the most expensive leader of fashion and profuseness, and to pass into countries which she fancied her story had not reached.

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For this purpose, having taken under her protection a young lady of about thirteen years of age, the daughter of one of her friendly advisers, as a companion, she set off on a tour, to the southern states of Europe, meaning to reside in each as long as it pleased her, and then remove to another, and at length fix where it might best suit her ideas of happiness. Futile hope! She had sacrificed all pretensions to that, and was running after an ignis fatuus, which eventually led her to misery and destruction; and, however hard her fate, it was the just retribution of her unworthy conduct as a wife and mother.

Having formed this resolution, she began to put it in execution, and having established a suite equal to her wish, she left W——, and made the best of her way to the Prussian capital, where her rank and still lovely appearance, gained her the homage and attention of many of the first families of

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that beautiful city. There she established the means of her remittances through the medium of the court banker, the Baron ———, whose connections in every city, both commercial and otherwise, rendered it easy, by means of letters of credit. After a sojournment of two months, she continued her route towards Paris, in which long journey she stopped at such places on the road as struck her fancy, and arrived at that voluptuous seat of pleasure when its lovely sovereign was in the zenith of her beauty.

Here then our lady launched into the vortex of fashionable dissipation, and was received by the smiles of all such as had designs against her person, her purse, or her table: not but that there were some, with whom she had become acquainted through the medium of her friend the Berlin banker, who really pitied her want of foresight, and, at periods, ventured to hint to her in the most friendly manner,

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the injury she was doing her health, as well as to point out the real character of many of her visitants. But as pleasure was the word, the advice made no impression on the infatuated lady, who was, notwithstanding all her levity, a good economist of her finances, and had regulated her expences to the means of her income, paying and discharging all her domestic concerns with punctuality on an appointed day of each week. This, it must be admitted, was a trait little to be expected; but it was an undoubted fact, and it is certain she never quitted a place, leaving even the most trifling claim unsettled behind her.

Whilst in this gay metropolis, she became known to and visited by most of the English of fashion, and amongst them were several of the highest rank, who were delighted with her vivacity and elegantly polished manners. In fact, her dejunés were the general topic of conversation, and she received the most

most flattering and pressing invitations to cross the Channel and visit the land of freedom. This she promised to do, after having made her southern tour, which might take her up about nine or ten months.

On quitting Paris, she began her tour by taking the route to Orleans, thence to Bourdeaux, Thoulouse, and, through the delightful Languedoc, to Montpellier. In short, after visiting every part of Italy, she returned, by the Alps, into France again, and through that into Flanders, making a stay of about three months at Bruxelles. As it is foreign to my narrative, I have avoided a recital of events in this town, especially as nothing occurred in it beyond the common routine of elegant life, and have safely brought her to the capital of Brabant, where, having received a fresh remittance, and again meeting there some of her English friends, she promised them that, after a month's stay where she now was, she should

should set off for their country; and she did so at the time appointed, arriving safe in London, and putting up at an hotel in the most fashionable part of the town.

On the morning after her arrival, she sent a note to the representative of her country, requesting to see him. He immediately waited upon her, being personally known to her in the plenitude of her fortunes, and also well acquainted with the events which had caused her separation from her lord; and being a man of gallantry, as well as an able negociator, his offers of service were unbounded. This conduct of the minister, gained her confidence, and she consulted him in all her future measures so long as she intended to remain in this country. She then announced herself to some of the nobles she had received at her houses in Paris and Bruxelles; but, unfortunately for her, they were either still on the

Continent,

Continent, or at their seats in the provinces. However, the Envoy introduced to her acquaintance such of her rank, &c. as were in London; so that her time passed agreeably enough, and as it happened to be that season, in which the Opera was open, and she being an excellent performer and an enthusiastic admirer of that science, she seldom missed a night of that charming amusement, where she met those she already knew, and enlarged her acquaintance.

In London, this lady continued her usual regularity in discharging all her bills weekly; until after the fourth settlement or one month's residence, the master of the house begged it as a favor that she would please to let the bills run, and that he should like, if it so pleased the Countess, to be paid when she left him, or only once in three or four months, saying that his request proceeded from having a sum of money to pay in six months, and that her Ladyship's bills

bills would enable him so to do, when paid together. As this would serve this man, although much against her inclination, she complied with it, ordering her homme d'affaires to attend to it.

Thus passed about eleven weeks, during which period the Envoy was most assiduous in his attentions, and indeed became not only importunate, but insolent in the extreme, making such offers as to cause the utmost astonishment to this lady, who, recovering herself from the surprize caused by this impertinent harangue, rose up and rang the bell, with orders to the servant who answered it, to show the gentleman down stairs, and immediately retired to another apartment in the greatest anguish of mind. Here her reflections overwhelmed her with shame for the indiscreet manner in which she had conducted herself towards her husband and family; and, as this was the first time she had ever met personal insult, the whole of her mistaken conduct

conduct struck her phrenzied mind, and covered her with confusion.

In this distressing situation she was found by the young Polish lady who had been her constant companion since leaving W. and who arrived just in time to prevent the Countess fainting. On her recovery, she related what had passed to her friend, who consoled her in the best manner she could. Some ladies coming in about this time to engage the Countess to go with them to the Opera, and the liveliness of their conversation helping to restore her to her usual flow of spirits, she retained the party some time, and even found herself recovered enough from her surprise, to promise to meet them at the Theatre.

It is not to be supposed that it was the conduct of the Envoy in having offered incense at the shrine of so lovely a woman as the Countess still was, which

had altogether produced this effect, or that the like had not frequently happened to her in the circles of dissipation she had moved in; but it was the idea she had formed of protection of mankind from the representative of her country, which had so much disappointed her. At the proper hour she repaired to the Opera-house, accompanied by her young friend, and joined the party she had promised to meet. Here she saw, on the opposite side, the Envoy, who did not come over to the box she was in; but made her a bow of ceremony. The evening passed over, much to the delight of the Countess and her friends, in hearing the beautiful airs of La Buona Figloglia. After this, she went to sup with the party she was with, and did not reach her hotel until about three in the morning.

On reaching her apartments, she intended to retire to her bed immediately, but, on going into her chamber, she perceived to her great amazement, that,

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during her absence at the Opera, some one had broken open her desk and rifled it of all she had, in cash and jewels, to the very large amount of nearly fifteen hundred ducats, and had left her with only the trifle she then had in her pocket. Alarmed, as with reason she might be, she sent for the man of the house, who, on rising from his bed, and appearing before the lady, seemed to be, or really was, as much alarmed as herself; and promised an immediate investigation of this mysterious transaction. This event caused the Countess the utmost chagrin; for she was not only bereft of all immediate supply to defray her occasional expenses, but it would be about a month before her remittances could arrive.

In this dilemma, in a strange country, with few, if any, real friends, she now, more forcibly, felt the conduct of the Envoy, as it precluded the possibility of an application of the nature most necessary for her

loss, as such conduct, and the situation she was reduced to, might embolden this man to further insult. She therefore determined not to apply to him, but to restrain, as much as possible, her extra expenditure; and, as she imagined herself assured of necessaries for herself and people during the interval, she quietly, on that head, awaited the coming of her money from Berlin. Poor lady! little could she foresee the events which soon followed! The landlord of the hotel daily informed her of the little success he had in tracing out the author of this robbery, telling her he had set every possible engine on foot for that purpose, and that he had applied to the police, who were active in their investigation and searches after the perpetrators, but hitherto without success. She was therefore obliged to console herself.

Only a few days had elapsed from the time of this nefarious transaction, when the landlord requested leave

leave to speak with her; and, on his admission, with a long and serious countenance, he told her Ladyship that an unforeseen demand upon him, compelled him, however unwilling, to request the payment of his bill, which he now presented her, on the next day, or he should be liable to an arrest. Here this unfortunate lady represented to him the impossibility of her compliance, having been so scandalously deprived of the means. He hinted, however, that a lady of her consideration could not want the means, if she chose; that her minister would certainly advance her whatever she might wish, and he added a variety of other names of such persons as had called upon her, which he had learned from their servants, and concluded by saying he must have the money at the time he had mentioned. He then made his reverence and retired.

The Countess, fully determined not to apply to the Envoy, ordered her carriage, and drove to the

house of one of her apparently best friends, to whom she related what had just passed, and requested the loan of what was so peremptorily demanded of her. Here she met the common fate of all such as necessity compels to humble themselves in asking promiscuous favor from those who are more fortunate. It is certain that an uninterrupted course of prosperity too often makes people insensible to the sufferings of others, and however good their heart may be in some cases, they form no idea of what *want* really is. With many apparently sympathetic regrets, her friend lamented her inability to assist her, having, only the day before, been called upon by her milliner, for a large sum, which she was obliged to discharge; but the next day she would see what could be done to relieve her dear Countess from the power of the brute.

As she would have been rejoiced at an opportunity of assisting a friend in such circumstances, she natu-

naturally concluded that the following day would enable her to comply with the demand of her host; but little did this lady know of the basis of such friendships as are contracted by the gay and volatile; for such were most of them she had an opportunity of associating with, from her roaming disposition, and consequently short stay in each place her caprice had led her to. This, the next day, she found verified; for, on calling at her friend's house, she learned, to her great mortification and grief, that her Ladyship was gone to Bath, and had left London very early that morning.

Overwhelmed with astonishment, she drove back to her hotel, and related to her young companion the dreadful disappointment she had met; and, as this unfeeling woman was the only one she had ever considered her real friend, amongst all the circle she was accustomed to move in, she felt sick at heart, and de-

termined not to degrade herself by any other application. With this resolve she sent for the man of the house, and informed him that the person from whom she had fully expected the means of paying his demand, was not in town, and that, therefore, he of necessity must wait till her remittance from abroad should arrive, when he might rely on having it. The man, with much insolence, told her that would not do for him, and that his bill must be discharged immediately, or he or she must go to prison. On saying this he left the apartment, from which he had not been ten minutes, before a bailiff and a follower entered it, and arrested this unfortunate lady for the debt.

Imagination can form but a slight idea of the Countess's feelings, at an event so unexpectedly distressing, without money, without friends, and in a country of which she neither understood nor could speak

speak a word of its language. Her valet, however, who had heard from the landlord what the intent was of those men's visit, explained this to his unfortunate Lady, who sent him for her host; but he surlily replied, he had nothing to do with the affair; it was in the hands of his attorney; and she must settle with him. The officers of the sheriff were then obliged to convey the Countess to a place of security, called a lock-up house, accompanied by her young countrywoman, who, at this period, would not abandon her protectress, although very soon we shall see the power of gratitude debased in the conduct of this young female also.

The Countess, as before observed, neither spoke nor understood English, nor could the young Pole, therefore the officer who kept the house they were brought to, with much humanity, sent for a man of the law, his friend, who could at least smatter a

little French. He began by examining the Countess's finances; on learning the state of which, he protested that he could be of very little use to her, and that, unless she had some friends that would step forward at such a crisis, she must inevitably, at the expiration of twenty-four hours, accorded her by law, be taken to the county jail. Here the young Pole pulled out from her pocket a few trinkets, which were of value enough to make the conscientious man hope and trust the Lady Countess might have some of the same sort of articles, either about her, or at her hotel; and, on being answered that there were a few of some value, he said, if she would send the young lady, he would go with her and bring what might be necessary in a coach. On hearing this, the Countess begged her young friend to go with him and bring one of her trunks from the hotel, in which were linen, clothes, &c.

Before

Before this respectable man left the room, he told her Ladyship that she might have whatever she pleased to order, and, if she pleased, he would send her up either tea or coffee, or both. As the lady had not tasted a morsel the whole day, and found herself nearly overcome by want and oppression, she readily consented to take some coffee, which was accordingly sent up to her soon after the lawyer's departure. In about a couple of hours he and the young lady returned, bringing with them the largestof the Countess's trunks; and she soon gave this man as many things as he thought would satisfy present wants. I scarcely need add, that he took more than sufficient, with which he went away, leaving the ladies together.

He did not reappear till the following morning, when he told them he had got money enough to defray the expences of the house, which he would (as they could not be understood,) see were properly discharged,

charged, and that they were not imposed upon. Satisfied with the assurance that she would not be hurried away to prison, and that she might have what she called for, she began seriously to think of the horrid situation she was in, and also to devise some means of extricating herself from it. Having tried the fallacy of nominal friendship, and judging rightly, that if a lamentable case were really known, she might meet the protection and assistance necessary for her release, she determined to apply direct to the highest authority, and for this purpose she composed a memorial in French, relating who and what she was, by birth and marriage, as well as her travels and arrival in this country, and, after narrating the loss she had sustained, concluded her address with her present abode, praying she might not be left in so forlorn and wretched a situation.

When this was arranged to her mind, she sent it

it by her young companion, attended by the friendly man of the law, who most willingly took this trouble, as he had a particular object in view by this attention. In short, in the few interviews he had with these ladies, the younger one had particularly attracted his regard; and he not only conceived this to be a business of profit, but also one which would gratify another passion; for as these ladies were wholly in his power, and had no one to call him to account, he determined on the diabolical plan of seducing this poor thing, and therefore cheerfully seized every occasion which offered, of being alone with her. The one now afforded him, he determined to make the best use of; and as soon as they were alone, he told her they had a good way to go. He therefore called a hackney-coach, that he might the less be interrupted, and, as soon as they were seated, he began first to alarm this young lady, by observations on the desperate situation of her protectress, the little prospect there was of her ever regaining

her

her liberty, and, by every way working on her sensibility, by pointing at the forlorn and hapless state of herself in particular. When he perceived her feelings at the highest pitch of sensibility, he then subtily began to flatter her, and finished, ere they arrived where they were going, by obtaining a promise of being wholly guided by himself, if the Countess should actually go to prison, an event he had determined should happen before any notice could be taken of her memorial.

The memorial was left at the lodge, saying to the porter who it came from; and the young lady and convoy returned to the Countess, whom they found in tolerable spirits for such a situation. This arose from the hope she had, that the source to which she had applied, would soon relieve her from her embarrassment. So it undoubtedly would have done, but for her evil genius in the shape of the Envoy preventing it,

it, in this manner. As soon as the memorial reached its destination, it caused the greatest surprise; and, as was very natural, the representative of our Countess's country was sent for, and asked if such a person as stated in that memorial, which was handed to him, was in this country, and if so, how it happened that he should not protect a person of his nation, and especially one of rank. The Envoy replied, that the lady was undoubtedly of the highest rank, and was really the person she represented herself; but, that she had rendered herself unworthy the notice of the personage addressed, by her conduct towards her husband, and both on the Continent, and since being in this country. The consequence was natural. No further notice was taken of the memorial, and our unhappy lady lay under the foulest stigma, when she had, in fact, only committed errors, except in regard to her lord, which was levity and ingratitude in the extreme.

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As soon as the Envoy was again seated in his carriage, he began to imagine this was the time for him to gain his point. He therefore drove to the house where the Countess was confined; and, on seeing her, made every offer of service, lamenting he had not known of her being so ill used, threatened vengeance on the head of the keeper of the hotel, saying he should use all his influence and power for her early liberation, and, after some little pause, during which the Countess kept a profound silence, he again ventured to touch the chord of his former hopes, concluded by explaining himself more fully, and at last told her plainly, that unless she complied with his proposals, she had nothing to expect from him. However degraded she felt herself, she had courage enough not to utter one word until he left off this infamous harangue, when, rising up, her only reply was, to request his absence, and that he would not give himself the trouble of calling upon her any more.

more. This was delivered in the manner which insulted dignity and hereditary hauteur knows so well to shew on such occasions.

This man, who was barely a gentleman in their country, and had risen to the office he filled, by the favor of a great man in power with his soveriegn, felt the full effect of this conduct in the Countess, and fell into his own littleness, from the mere looks and expressions of this fallen lady. On this, he instantly retired. No sooner had he departed, than the efforts which the Countess had exerted to carry her through this degrading scene, totally left her, and she became seriously ill, and obliged to take to her bed. However in a day or two, her naturally good constitution enabled her to leave it. Fortunate was it for her that she was able to do so, as the term was approaching, and as, at the return of the writ, she was either to bail it, or procure a habeas corpus to remove her

her from the hands of the sheriff into that of the court.

Here again stepped forward the friendly lawyer, who, having by degrees emptied the trunk he had brought from the hotel, and thereby raised a sufficiency for the purpose of paying himself and co-league, had the habeas lodged, which in due time removed this poor lady to the Fleet prison. He accompanied her, and procured her a room, and then took his leave, saying, he could now be of no further service, but that he should call from time to time upon her. This he meant in order to conclude his views on the young Pole, who had been, by him, totally perverted and changed in her attachment to her friendly protectress, and had promised to go off with him the next day but one. Horrid degradation and ingratitude! The day came, and, under pretence of going out for something wanting, she met the man who had thus cruelly led her from

from duty, honor, and every thing sacred towards her benefactor, and never saw her again.

The reader may judge with what impatience this unfortunate Countess waited the return of the only person to whom she could communicate her wants; for, since her arrival in the prison, she had not yet passed the threshold of her chamber, or spoken to a soul within its walls. Shame, pride, and an unacquaintance with the language, caused this seclusion.

How long and with what agony the sufferings of this most unfortunate lady were prolonged is not known; but on the fifth day after the departure of the ungrateful Pole, some one having occasion to repair a window in the apartment this lady occupied, knocked at the door, and not receiving any answer, repeated the knocking several times, and tried to open

open the door; but it being fastened inwardly, and his business pressing, he repaired to the gate, and reported his not being able to make any one answer from within that room. This alarmed the turnkey, who, fearful that the lady might have passed the gate unnoticed, instantly went up to her apartment, and on receiving no answer to his summons many times repeated, came to the resolution of forcing the door, on doing which, to his amazement, he saw the poor lady stretched on the bed lifeless; and, from every appearance, she had been dead some time.

It happened that on the day the gentleman, whose hereditary estate the Fleet prison is, and who, living a few miles out of London, only occasionally came to it (except in the term time) once or twice in the week, was in his office and received the turnkey's report of this event. With the feelings of humanity which so much distinguished this gentleman, he immediately.

mediately set on foot an inquiry into this melancholy circumstance, and, at the same time, sent to the representative of this poor lady's country, to notify to him her death. In the interim a jury was summoned, who, on investigation, brought in a verdict of—died by the visitation of God.

As soon as the Envoy received an account of this melancholy event, he instantly came to the Fleet prison, and, together with the warden, visited the apartment of the deceased lady, on seeing whose lifeless corpse, this amiable minister broke out into the most violent lamentations, at the calamity of so great and noble a person. "Had he known her situation, she should never have come within those wretched walls! What a melancholy event, &c. &c." with a thousand other hypocritical expressions of a similar tendency. He departed, after having, together with the warden, affixed separate seals on

two

two small boxes found in the room; one of which contained papers, parchments, &c.; the other a few articles of dress, and a seal with the family's armorial bearings thereon. Giving orders what he wished done, he said he should take care the funeral should be as it ought for a person of her rank; all which was done; and the remains of this unfortunate and misguided lady were accordingly buried in St. Ann's church, Soho, near to where, some years before, had been deposited the body of Theodore, king of Corsica."

We were all afflicted at the tragical story of the Countess. For a moment, "Each looked on other; none the silence broke." Fidelio was going to moralize; but I motioned him to desist. My mother tried to turn the subject; and visitors arrived to ask how we were after the masquerade, and to find out, through us, those characters who had succeeded

ceeded in tormenting them. All were loud in Mrs. B——'s praise; yet, thought I to myself, were her fate that of poor Lady M——, how uncharitable they all would be: "How could it be otherwise after giving such ruinous entertainments?" would be the word.—The old adage says, that "Fools make feasts and wise men eat them:" but I beg leave to make a trifling alteration, and to say, that "Fools make feasts and knaves do eat them." Be that as it may, Mrs. B—— stands now deservedly high in fashion's ranks.

"How admirably all went off," said poet Sh——n; "all was harmony; every party-joke was taken good humoredly. Did you mind when Lord C—— observed that he had lost his *party*, ——— answered him, 'Your Lordship having changed once, may probably change again, since no man quits his party with a better grace?' This was said in the hearing

hearing of a very great man, and seemed to be noticed; but all was harmony, conviviality and union. The ministerial party of recruits and the political drill-serjeant," continued he, "formed a humorous band; and the characters were supported with mirth, without rudeness, satire without acrimony. I really think that I shall write a few lines of poetry on the occasion."

Captain Merveilleux now came to present his devoirs. The most artificial creature upon earth. His complexion was certainly improved by his perfumer; an ivory tooth supplied a material chasm in the front of his mouth; white wax was inserted in his nails; his hands looked as if they owed a lily yet sickly whiteness to some foreign cause; his spring wig fitted like his skin, but nevertheless left a mark upon his temple; his collar and cravat had put him completely in the stocks: and the lacing of his stays made

made him resemble an undressed doll. My mother maliciously got in a line behind him on his left, and frequently addressed him hastily, in order to enjoy his agony in whirling quite round. In one quarter of an hour he produced two gold snuff-boxes, a quizzing-glass set in gold, an expensive tooth-pick-case, and a musical watch.

In a word, he was loaded with trinkets and play-things, like a travelling jeweller at the fairs abroad; using first his scented silk handkerchief, and then his folded cambrick one. Dragon, our dog, which is taught to fetch and carry, hastily took it from him and brought it to me. I motioned him to return it; but he dropped it at his feet. This puzzled the ultra-Exquisite a moment; for the bending of his body was a thing impossible. He however hooked it up with a beautiful little twig, hooked at the end, which I now

perceived he carried, both for ornament and use. In doing so, however, he dropped his hat; and here he was in despair. To recover it was beyond his strength. I picked it up for him; every face smiled; a hectic passed across his cheek for a second. "I am vastly obliged to you," said he, "but quite overpowered at giving you the trouble."

After using his pocket-handkerchief on his lips, which left a pink mark, he withdrew in the most studied style. We, all at once, exclaimed, "What a thing it is!" It is said that this male doll was once about to be married to Lady S——, a widow; but her Ladyship suspecting that her husband elect was a little artificial, invited him to spend a day, at her cottage, in Sussex, and set a servant to watch his coucher, and to report progress. The servant gave such a detail of pads and of false hair, of stays, paints, washes, perfumes, and braces, that her Ladyship declared off.

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I do not pledge myself to every circumstance of this account, but so I had it.

The trifling thing in question proved as a diversion for the moment; but somehow or other we all relapsed into low spirits. Rattle-brain and Maria sung us the Duke of Marlborough's fashionable new song, "If then to love thee be offence," and Fidelio tried to be gay; but all would not do. At length we agreed, nem. con. that since we were all now most invincibly tinged with the maladie Anglaise, commonly called the blue devils, we should all go to Astley's theatre.

Once a year this scene should pass before the eyes of fashionables; it is unique in its kind; and it must astonish and delight a foreigner. To me, our minor theatres beat those of Paris; but, chacun a son goût. I am convinced that they are more expensive to the managers than those abroad; the scenery and

decorations being very handsome. The last of all, the Coburg, in point of fitting up, is very superior. Furthermore we will not say. Besides, they differ so widely from the established winter theatres, that the variety amuses for once, and an Exquisite has a fine opportunity of looking *condescending*, of turning round to his party, and wish *un air de protection* towards the concern, of saying—"By Juno, it is devilish fair, very pretty scenery, very good stage effect, no very bad orchestra. Could you, Lady Bab, have expected it *half* so good? Upon my life, if we saw this abroad, we should be astonished."

And so it is. Abroad we should be delighted with our minor theatres. All effect proceeds from surprise or comparison; and both were favorable on this occasion. I could almost have sworn that I saw the Duke incog. there; but it might be an illusion. The curtain was now just about to drop.

With

With it I shall conclude this volume. All the world's a stage, and men are players. Varied have been my scenes of life; and the variety is not yet done.

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